# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTCES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The February Bookman, a Ruskin Centenary Number, will contain a special article on Ruskin by George Sampson, and the illustrations will include a Presentation Plate Portrait in photogravure. Other principal articles in this Number will be "Douglas Jerrold," by Richard Whiteing; "Some Women Novelists," by Ashley Gibson; "Modernity and Consolation," by Arthur Waugh; "The Shirra," by W. S. Crockett; "Our Literary Legacy," by William Parker; "Folk Lore of the Old Testament," by A. E. Waite; "The Art of Frank Brangwyn"; a Bookman Gallery article on Ronald Campbell Macfie, etc.

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There is world-wide regret for the loss of M. Edmond Rostand, the distinguished French poet and dramatist, who died last month at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. The production in 1894 of his comedy, "Les Romanesques," heralded the revival of the poetic drama on the French stage, and three years later he took the world by storm with what was both as poetry and drama the greatest of his plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac." He was elected to the French Academy in 1902.

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"Countess Gilka," a new book of stories by Warwick Deeping, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

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Two important books that Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month are "Clemenceau: The Man and His Times," by H. M. Hyndman; and "George Meredith: His Life and Friends," by S. M. Ellis, the latter being fully illustrated and containing many hitherto unpublished pictures.

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A book that should appeal widely to thoughtful readers for its interpretation of what underlies the tragedy and horror of the great war is Mr. Arthur Mee's "Who Giveth Us the Victory" (5s. net. Allen & Unwin). It faces the doubts that have risen even in the minds of religious people, whose faith has been shaken by that renascence of barbarism, and fearlessly and eloquently vindicates the ways of God to men. Looking backward over the wondrous story of the world from the beginning of things, the slow evolution of man and his triumphs "in the incredible past," Mr. Mee draws from all that miraculous history a vision splendid of the higher destiny that awaits the human race in the days that are to be. In the seven chapters that question

whether the peace of Great Britain was worth keeping he brings dark indictments against us for the social and political sins we have committed or condoned; you may think he sometimes puts too much black into the picture and that some of his remedies are too extreme, but you cannot deny that much of his indictment is terribly true. The evils he protests against are real and great blots upon our national life and by his drastic methods or others they will have to be removed, and his confidence in their removal enables him to give no uncertain answer to his own question. We recommend the book as a thoughtful, earnest, suggestive exposition of our present dangers and difficulties and the way out of them.

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Before she became a novelist, Miss Madge Mears had done a great deal of journalistic work in her own name and under the pseudonym of "T. O'Meara." She has always taken a keen interest in the Woman's Suffrage movement and from 1913 to 1916 was a regular contributor to *Votes for Women*. Her first novel, "The Jealous Goddess," appeared in 1915; her second, "The Sheltered Sex," a year later, and her third, "The Candid Courtship," achieved a very considerable success in 1917. Her latest book, "The Flapper's Mother," was published by Mr. John Lane a few weeks ago and is reviewed elsewhere in this Number. Although Miss Mears has lived most of her life in the North of England she is by birth a Londoner.

*Photo by Auty, Tynemouth.*

**Miss Madge Mears.**

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We record with much regret the death of Mr. Cecil Chesterton who for long past had been serving as a private in France, where he died in hospital last month. Only a few days before he died he had passed for press the proofs of his "History of the United States," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish almost immediately, with a biographical preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

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Three books on President Wilson that are as timely as they are admirably written are "The Peace President: A Brief Appreciation," by William Archer (Hutchinson); "President Wilson: The Man and His Message," by C. Sheridan Jones (Rider); and a second, revised and enlarged, edition of "President Wilson: His Problems and His Policy," by H. Wilson Harris (Headley Bros.).

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"Richard Cobden: The International Man," a study of Cobden's work in the light of modern economic developments by J. A. Hobson, will be published almost immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

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Messrs. Putnam will publish shortly Lady Gregory's "Visions and Belief in the West of Ireland," studies in Irish fancy and folk-lore, to which Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes notes and two essays.

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"The Prisoners of Mainz," by Alec Waugh, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press, is the story of Mr. Waugh's eight months' experience in a German prison camp. A book of outspoken impressions and opinions, it also chronicles the varied activities of the camp, in work and in play. Captain R. T. Roussel, another of the prisoners, has illustrated it with drawings and caricatures, and these are supplemented by a number of photographs.

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Everybody who has read "The Fascination of Books" knows Mr. Joseph Shaylor for a true book-lover. In his "Liberty and Brotherhood" (3s. 6d. net), which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward have published, there are delightfully discursive essays on "The Friendship of Books," "Some Thoughts on Inspiration," and "Shakespeare's Life and Influence," in addition to some half-dozen essays on such themes as "The Right to Worship," "Truth, Honour and Justice," "Three Scourges of Humanity," "Success and How it is Won," to which Mr. Shaylor brings the shrewd judgment and friendly wisdom that characterise all he has written. A very interesting book in which thoughtful readers will find much that is suggestive and stimulating.

Major H. G. Lang, whose charming little book of "Simple Lyrics" met with a very favourable reception when Mr. Elkin Mathews published it a year ago, has been for over twenty-four years Chief Constable of East Sussex. He began his military career in the Seaforth Highlanders, serving with that regiment for nearly fifteen years, during which he took part in four campaigns. In addition to two medals with four clasps, he was awarded the Bronze Star for General Roberts's March, and the Khedive's Star. He has been mentioned in dispatches, and, in 1882, was recommended, with the sanction of Lord Wolseley, for the V.C., but received instead a Brevet Majority on promotion. He served on the Staff in the Nile campaign of 1884, and in the following year in the Mounted Infantry at Suakin. He was Adjutant at the Fort George Regimental Depot for three years, and of the Sutherland Highland Rifle Volunteers for four years and a half. His new book of verse, "Simple Nature Songs" (1s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews), has the spontaneity and pleasant fancy that made the charm of his first volume.

**Major H. G. Lang,**
whose "Simple Nature Songs" has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

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Mr. G. H. Grubb, who is a director of the famous publishing house of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London, has been doing excellent work for some time past as Library Service Secretary for the American Expeditionary Force Y.M.C.A. in the United Kingdom. Since America went to war he has handled, from the Library Service headquarters in Russell Square, nearly 3,000,000 books that have been purchased by the Association or given by the American people. These he has distributed to camp libraries, hospitals, naval stations, barracks, and mess halls in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Gibraltar, Russia—wherever American soldiers or sailors have been quartered. The books supplied have been of every variety, from religious works to fiction and collections of songs and recitations. The purchases have included some 400,000 technical and educational volumes, many of which were obtained in response to special applications from men at the front. In addition Mr. Grubb has circulated among the troops five million magazines that have all come as gifts from the American public.

*Topical Press Photo.* **Mr. G. H. Grubb.**

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Major Cyrus Macmillan, whose "Canadian Wonder Tales" was published last month by Mr. John Lane, has completed an account of his war-time experiences which will make its appearance in a few weeks under the title of "The Mutter of the Guns." Major Macmillan served with the McGill Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery on the Western front.

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Messrs. Cassell will publish in the spring "When the World Shook," a new novel by Sir H. Rider Haggard.

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Miss Alice Birkhead, who died on September 22nd last, was an imaginative and scholarly writer who would not have passed with so little notice if the war had not so nearly submerged all other interests. Her two novels, "The Master Knot" and "Shifting Sands," were published by Mr. John Lane in 1908 and in 1914; the second appearing in America under the title of "Destiny's Daughter." In 1910 and 1913 Messrs. Methuen published her "Tales from Irish History" and "Stories from American History"; in 1913 Messrs. Harrap published her "Story of the French Revolution," and in 1913–14 she followed this with a series of historical studies—"Heroes of Modern Europe," "Marie Antoinette," "Charles XII.," and "Peter the Great." Miss Birkhead's fiction showed real psychological power and considerable gifts of observation and humour; and she brought the same qualities to bear upon her studies from history. She was much interested in Russia and Russian literature; was elected an honorary member of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, and delivered two lectures before the Society in 1915.

*Photo by Vandyk.* **Miss Alice Birkhead.**

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Once a departmental head of the old-established firm of Australian booksellers, Messrs. Melville & Mullen, of Melbourne, Captain Charles Harold Peters, M.C., has followed the Colours for nearly four years. As Lieutenant he was awarded the M.C. for gallantry in a trench raid, while acting as Scout and Raiding Officer to his battalion. During various rest periods he has been attached to British divisions and to an Army School as Instructor in his special branch of fighting. Since promotion he has been awarded a Bar to his M.C. for work accomplished by his Command in the two busy months of the Somme advance, August and September, when the Australians captured the Hindenburg Line and the Le Catalet Tunnel, near Bony village.

*Photo by Deniel, Le Havre.* **Captain Charles Harold Peters.**

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*The Dickensian*, which has completed its fourteenth year, will henceforward be published quarterly instead of monthly. The January Number contains a hitherto unpublished portrait of Dickens which collectors have long been seeking in vain.

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Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing early this year "Mahan on Naval Warfare," edited by Allan Westcott. The book is illustrated with maps and diagrams, and contains a biographical sketch of the late Rear-Admiral Mahan.

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Reviewing Mr. G. W. Forrest's "Life of Lord Clive," our reviewer, Major S. Butterworth, wrote: "In referring to the Mohammedan festival of the Bukra Eed to celebrate the substitution of the Ram for Isaac the author states boldly that Abraham intended to sacrifice Ishmael." Mr. Forrest sends us the account of this incident as it is given by Mohammedan writers, according to whom the command was, "Offer up thy son Ismail." Major Butterworth confesses and regrets his error, and offers his apologies to the author.

# THE READER.

## BOOTH TARKINGTON.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

A ROMANTIC, incurably, defiantly. That would have been the critic's first impressions of Booth Tarkington. I believe a great many critics, having received that impression from reading "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "A Gentleman from Indiana," stoutly stuck to their opinions, read no more of Mr. Tarkington, and call him still a romantic. Yet even in the first two books there were signs: I remember, years ago, finding "Monsieur Beaucaire" in the *Idler*, during that brief period when Mr. Sime edited that chameleon magazine, and devouring it eagerly. It is an immoderately competent essay in costume. It hasn't a flaw. You know its surface as you know the surface of a statue by Canova. There are no surprises . . . even the surprise of the Duc's discovery is as certain as sunrise. Lewis Waller added nothing to its direct, theatrical appeal. It is a great achievement in a small way. Beside it such an effort as "The Passionate Elopement" seems overdone—a whole shopful of scholarly curiosities beside one perfect piece. Yet, in spite of its false, triumphant unity it did, I swear, betray personality. For one thing there was an interest in clothes, which still obsess Mr. Tarkington. And although the tale was romantic, I suspected a capacity for satire, and I was positive that sentiment was more deep-rooted in Mr. Tarkington than was romance. And in all his books since he has been proving that I was right.

**Booth Tarkington.**

II.

The difference between romance and sentiment is easy to see, but not so easy to state. Romance is an attitude to facts, sentiment is a window through which a man sees truth. The romantic may refuse to admit facts—he will, for instance, go on calling war glorious; the sentimentalist will transfigure his facts. Or, take instances: Barrie, Shaw, Goldsmith, Sterne, Euripides are sentimentalists; Mr. Locke, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Scott, are romantics. I doubt if there was ever a Latin—Dumas of course was negro—who was really a romantic; but the greatest sentimentalists, as the great cynics and the great pessimists, have all been Latin. To be a great romantic author, as was Scott, you colour your material; a great sentimentalist cares nothing about the material. He can turn anything into matter of sentiment. You can see how true this is by choosing something ludicrous—a romantic author can do nothing with toothache; a great sentimentalist might make a masterpiece out of it. Did not Barrie go even lower and score a huge success?

There were traces, as I say, of his essential quality in Mr. Tarkington's early books; but the reader will find those traces clearly manifested in the book of short stories "In the Arena." Mr. Tarkington was rash enough to indulge in a political career—something which, in the U.S.A., is to our politics as their football is to ours—and he evidently tried to get even with the Indiana legislature by his stories. As short stories they are neither particularly good, nor particularly bad. They are nowhere near Mr. Tarkington's later work in craftsmanship or feeling; but the book stamps him definitely as sentimentalist—the greatest, perhaps, in English fiction since Thackeray; and with as little leanings to romance as had the author of "Rebecca and Rowena." The likeness to Thackeray's early work is very evident in what is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of these stories—"Mrs. Protheroe." In it Mr. Tarkington gives a new version of the old siren incident;—his Odysseus a senator from the country—his siren a fascinating lobbyist for a Bill which, if passed, will increase the value of her property. The thing is crude, rather staccato, and invested with a deliberate contrast of boorishness and grace . . . a contrast which once again reminds us how important to Mr. Tarkington are clothes, manner, the gesture. He does not, as Thackeray, give his readers the author's comments on the situation; but he has his own method of underlining, less direct but no less emphatic than Thackeray's.

His next book is almost written in italics. Mr. Tarkington himself now despises "The Conquest of Canaan," which appeared in 1905 and immediately seized on success. To me it seems a far from despicable story. It has, as has a great deal of the work of the greatest imaginative artists, a strong flavour of the fairy story. That is as it should be. He was in the middle thirties in 1905—he was born the same year as Mr. Kipling—and to Mr. Tarkington, a man of slowly developing temperament, the middle thirties were evidently exuberant youth. Youth will believe either in black hell or in fairies. The desire for the magic

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carpet, the passion for the good all-conquering sword, the love for the fairy prince and his—alas! generally blonde—princess, are proper to youth. In "The Conquest of Canaan" Mr. Tarkington gave us the younger son kind of story: it is full of generous hope and pleasant make-believe, and the transforming kindness which really does occur in this world far more frequently than the pessimists admit. There are grave flaws in the tale: that is one reason why it seems more promising than "Monsieur Beaucaire." The villainous Judge Pike, who defends the fairy princess and defames the prince, is a trifle too ogreish. And then he should not be forgiven. Ogres are made for decapitation or transfixion. Towards the end of his story Mr. Tarkington passes from the legitimate fairy story to the modern pantomime—there is that arranging sound behind the scenes which heralds the transformation scene, and the reader is suddenly over-aware of the footlights. Still it is, in its youthful way, a charming book. And it is the first novel in which Mr. Tarkington's humour gets anything like enough scope. The chorus of old men in the club who do nothing but discuss and gossip and quarrel, is in the big style; and big, too, in a simple way, is Joe Louden himself—the ugly duckling, black sheep of a fairy prince, if I may be allowed to mix my nursery metaphors. Ariel Tabor, however, the princess, is less successful. She has only relative qualities, as is the case with a great many of Mr. Tarkington's women. It is difficult to see her apart from Joe Louden, apart from her love for him, whereas he would have been much the same whether loved by Ariel or another. In short, she is a fairy princess, born to wait and be wooed.

Three years later Mr. Tarkington published an odd essay in fiction—"The Guest of Quesnay." The scene of the book is in France; its motive is the effect of shock on character. The hero, Harrabee Harman, a blackguard of the first water, has a motor accident—the accident wipes his mind clean. He becomes as a babe, and has to be taught as a child is taught. With this fantastic, semi-psychological business Mr. Tarkington has no sort of success. One only has to compare the book with any of Wells, or with Mr. Machen's intense, troubled studies, or the less occult but mysteriously searching stories of Vincent O'Sullivan, to see how bad "The Guest of Quesnay" is. Yet there are astonishingly good things in this book. There is a divine waiter, "the most hen-like waiter in France"; there is vivid colouring, strong and clean; there is an excellent sketch of New York low life in the person of Mr. Earl Percy; and there is one girl, Anne Elliott—a bold choice in names—who can call cousins with Dolly of the "Dialogues" for wit, and is a far more attractive creature.

It gives, too, does this book, an extreme instance of Mr. Tarkington's preoccupation with clothes . . . men's clothes. The story is told by an American painter resident in France. Quite early in the book he informs us that his friend's sister, Elizabeth Ward, "appreciated my going to some pains with the clothes I wore when I went to their house": and at a dinner-party in the remote country given by this same Elizabeth, the unfortunate painter is forced to meditate thus:

"Looking over the men of the Quesnay party—or perhaps I should signify a reversal of that and say a glance of theirs at me—revealed the importance of a particular length of coat-tail, of a certain rich effect obtained by widely separating the lower parts of the waistcoat, of the display of some imagination in the buttons upon the same garment, of a doubled-back arrangement of cuffs, and of a specific design or dimension of tie. Marked uniformity in these matters denoted their necessity; and clothes differing from the essential so vitally as did mine must have seemed immodest, little better than no clothes at all."

The poor devil, it should be explained, was wearing a suit bought "four, five, or six years ago": this business of raiment is important, symbolically. I shall return to it later.

III.

Before considering Mr. Tarkington's best novels—"The Flirt," "Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons"—I must cry the praise of those inimitable books about childhood and youth—"Penrod," "Penrod and Sam" and "Seventeen." They are as different in their humour, their observation, their veracity, as "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Golden Age." The episode of Penrod and the tar is Homeric in its gay simplicity and directness, as Dickens is Homeric. There are things one does not quite understand. In "Seventeen" that entrancing little girl Jane, Willie Barter's sister, is encouraged to talk by her mother in a way which would be considered sneakish over here; and it is quite impossible for me to believe that even in the coolest winter any grown up person, male or female, would have tolerated Miss Pratt—"one of the noblest" as poor Willie calls her. This is how this excruciating girl of sixteen years old talks—to every one, mind you:

"'Oh, goody-cute! Here's big Bruvva Josie-Joe. Stroke big Bruvva Josie-Joe's pint teeks, darlin' Flopit. . . . 'At's nice! Stroke him gently, p'eshus Flopit, an' nen we'll coax him to make pitty singin' for us, like us did yestiday.' She turned to William. 'Coax him to make pitty singin'? I *love* his voice—I'm dest crazy over it. Isn't oo'?'"

This horrible child burbles and lisps through a hot summer in this way, and no one kills her. The thing is as incredible as it is indecent. Miss Pratt would have been murdered by goaded parents. I shiver to think of the agony Mr. Tarkington must have undergone while transmitting the creature's conversations. It hurts to read it. "Seventeen" is as good, though, as "Penrod." Never has there been quite such a study in calf love; and never, I insist, has there been a more desirable child than Jane, the infatuated William's sister.

IV.

With Mr. Tarkington's three principal novels one comes up against a problem which confronts one in nearly all American fiction—the problem of clothes, of money, of relative values. No reader of "Beaucaire," of "Cherry," of "Turmoil," can deny Mr. Tarkington's real allegiance to art—the richer because it is not confused with any false and fidgety drawing-room *décor*; but no reader can avoid seeing that he is inclined to deal with art and the artist as if they were on the defensive. Of course, in a sense, they are. All over the world at all times the artist is attacked, or complacently ignored, by the practical men, the business men, the men of affairs. And, except for rash Whistler

Booth Tarkington.

(who was an American), the artist is content to let the big men make the big noise. When very young he may enjoy shocking the bourgeois; later in life he is content to leave them alone. He has conviction; his is the truth and the beauty, and the desire of the world. Why should he scramble in the gutter and the counting-house to prove it? That is the normal attitude of the ordinary European artist, good or bad. And the normal European man of business has an attitude not altogether dissimilar. He does not strive overmuch to prove to the minor poet that dividends of twenty per cent. are worth sweating for. The old world is content to leave the age-long quarrel—except that, if any one is uneasy, it is not the poet: for after all a poor poet can understand quite a splendid stockbroker: but it takes a perfect Napoleon of a drummer to comprehend even a Vorticist.

Now Mr. Tarkington reverses all this. If we are to believe the picture of American society in "The Flirt," "Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons," it is the artist who is uneasy in the States. To return to the clothes in "The Guest of Quesnay." Mr. Tarkington is laughing; but he is laughing a little grimly. It seems to him stupid, no doubt, but not incoherent, inconsequent or unnatural, that a grown man and an artist, aged about thirty-five, should pay attention to the fact that his coat is cut differently from the coats of other men. Of course we have similar problems here: Kipps, for instance, gets unduly distressed over his apparel. But Kipps is in a state of transition from one grade of society to another. The painter in "The Guest of Quesnay" is in no doubt about his social position—he is simply rather humorously worried in case his fellow-guests should not know he was a gentleman because his clothes are four years old. That seems to me a very horrible thing. I don't want to stress the question of actual raiment too much; but this devastating uncertainty is a symbol of a greater evil. I have never been in the States, and so write with diffidence; but if one may judge from popular fiction at all, there is a real risk in America of good people, sound people, accepting false standards. False standards, standards of success, of money, of bought rank and herited stupidity, exist here; but not among the people who matter. In the States the men who should rule the world become slaves to it. The poet is humble before the plutocrat, and does not think he is doing wrong.

Take Bibbs. Bibbs is the hero of "Turmoil," a novel which nearly achieves greatness. He is a freak in the family. His father, his brothers, are hard, noisy, money-making men, with a great deal of shrewdness and natural kindness. Bibbs is nervous, sensitive, and a third-rate minor poet. Well, Bibbs behaves as if he were the worst yellow dog which ever slunk after the heels of po' white trash, scared from the doorstep by a stout nigger. He knows he is nearer the truth, nearer reality than his family. But he can't act as if he were. He has pluck, and spirit, and humour—but merely because he doesn't like noise, and has no head for finance, he is despised. Even his mother is gravely sorrowful about him, absorbed in her adoring affection for her husband. Now, in England or in France, it would not be possible for a man to behave with the brutality and idiocy Sheridan exhibits towards his son. At the worst somebody would have helped Bibbs to run away.

"Turmoil" remains Mr. Tarkington's best novel: but his latest, "The Magnificent Ambersons," runs it very close. Here he takes us back to that old mahogany age which we are now able to regard with sentimental eyes: it was different when we actually had to sit on horse-hair. This portrait of George Amberson—young George, spoiled, violent, selfish, and yet charming to his mother and to one girl—is a bitter exercise in egotism. One wonders again how George was let grow up such a baby and remain such a cub; he is almost as ill-mannered as Mrs. Ward's Oxford paragon. No doubt Mrs. Amberson explains a good deal. In her Mr. Tarkington has drawn an amazingly successful character. He has contrived to show us a devoted, doting mother, to spare nothing of her weakness, and yet to show her as well as a patient wife, a gay friend, and an experienced lover. I do not remember any character in recent fiction so much in three dimensions as Isabel Amberson. George is, in his way, a complementary portrait to Cora, "The Flirt." I am not sure whether Mr. Tarkington knows how really horrid George is. He spares him not at all; but he seems to expect the reader to forgive him, and that is too difficult. He is sincere—he expresses himself, in the cant of the day: but self-expression is not enough. Long ago Matthew Arnold tried to convince the great public that it was not enough for the sinner and the criminal to stand proudly up, and say: "I did as my conscience dictated." Men have no right to be as stupid as George is, for the grossest stupidity springs from selfishness and egotism, both forms of pride which the wisdom of the Catholic Church long ago made the chief of the seven deadly sins.

It is that which is wrong with this hurried life of business, this rushing life of pleasure, this crowded life of society which Mr. Tarkington has drawn so admirably. The proud man, the man who worships his own success; the proud woman, who adores her own beauty . . . these are taken at their own valuation, even by the poets and painters, the lovers and the old wise men of the world. It is a view which Mr. Tarkington most evidently does not share. Like all sentimentalists, he has a strong vein of cynicism: and we know nothing more genuinely heartrending, more morally destructive, than the vigorous way in which he tells of the gradual degradation of Bibbs, the slow absorption of the little, sensitive boy into the great money-making machine of the City. I like to think that he is drawing a condition of things which is already passing, that already, in those strange new crowded cities of industry, people are speaking quietly, yet persistently, against the gospel of self-help and efficiency, pronouncing definitely on the side of that other creed which proclaims that nothing matters but that the spirit of man should cling obstinately to the things of eternity.

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# SWINBURNE'S LETTERS.*

By COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE fascination which many readers find in the published letters of an author, known to them only by his books, is that they hope thereby to see more closely into the man's heart and inner life. Every book of his may be a building which houses a great personality, but the blinds of the inner rooms are generally drawn. The work before us is a House of Personality with up-drawn blinds. Together with Mr. Gosse's "Life" of Swinburne, the picture it gives of the poet should endure. No pains have been spared, and the work has been done by the two men best qualified for the task. No one now living can speak more authoritatively of Swinburne than Mr. Gosse, of whom Swinburne himself once wrote (referring to Mr. Gosse's sonnet "Alcyone"), "I say once for all the mere simple truth—that, with Shakespeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's, and Rossetti's very finest sonnets in my memory, I regard you as the writer of one among the noblest in this, or in any (even in Dante's) language."

Then there is Mr. Wise. I remember remarking at The Pines that Mr. Wise was "one of Kipling's discoveries," and that Swinburne's flashed "Kipling's discovery! Surely you are mistaken!" was followed (as the thunder follows the lightning) by Watts-Dunton's tardier and rumbled: "Nonsense, man, nonsense! You're dreaming! Kipling didn't discover that fine scholar and generous fellow, Wise, one of the salt of the earth, and the good and generous friend of us all here, any more than you or I did. What's your authority? When did Kipling discover Wise? and how did it come about?"

"As far back as '89 or '90," I answered. "Kipling printed a poem, I think, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but, at any rate, it was about a great soldier. You will find embedded in the poem, the very first and prophetic reference to Wise. This is how the reference ran:

"'He's WISE,
And he does not advertise.'"

Watts-Dunton affected, somewhat gruffly, to laugh, but my impression was that he did not entirely like my levity, and felt that he had been "drawn" under false pretences. Swinburne, on the contrary, approved the far-fetched jape generously, nodding his head and rubbing his palms together gleefully while repeating:

"He's Wise,
And he does not advertise."

"Perfectly true, perfectly true," he said. "He doesn't advertise. Yet he has done greater things for literature—a labour of love, I know—by his scholarly researches, his precious contributions to our knowledge, than all the little big drum-beaters, whose portraits pursue us—by whose portraits we are simply persecuted" (he shrilled the last word angrily) "in the illustrated weeklies, and in the so-called literary columns of the daily, and especially the evening press."

The work under review is not the first collection of Swinburne's letters that has been published, but in the interest of the letters, in the width of the net which has been cast, it is by far the most important and most representative. Swinburne's correspondents include Mr. Gosse, Mr. Wise, Lord Houghton, Churton Collins, Sir Sidney Colvin, E. C. Steadman, Mr. Clement Shorter, Professor Dowden, Sir Sidney Lee, Burne Jones, Lord Curzon, Watts-Dunton, Lady Ritchie, Pauline Lady Trevelyan, Bulwer Lytton, Sir Richard Burton, Gerald Massey, W. M. Rossetti, Locker-Lampson, Lord Morley, William Morris, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. Hence the list covers most of Swinburne's intimate friends, as well as some of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

More even than the importance of the names represented, is the importance of the letters. Every distinguished public man has correspondents, known or unknown to him, to whom letters of a more or less perfunctory description have to be written in reply to letters received; and not a few indefatigable writers of letters to celebrities could compile a volume of epistles, received by them, in which great names would figure. But in the work before us even the very few perfunctory letters have their value. There is not one without a characteristic touch, by means of which to enlarge or to revise our estimate of Swinburne. The most interesting and the most intimate are those to Mr. Gosse. From these alone a pocket volume of memorable sayings by Swinburne might be compiled: on these alone, by skilful use of quotation, a competent writer might pen a lengthy article, glittering with good things and critical gems. It is, in fact, the prodigality of what is memorable which makes illustration by quotation almost impossible. The folk who, liking to talk of books and authors at the club or at the dinner-table, read the reviews of a book to save themselves the trouble of reading the book itself, will in this case be nonplussed. Only by reading the two volumes from cover to cover can the interest, the range, and the charm of the letters be realised. It is my custom, in reviewing, to illustrate and adorn the article by quoting the choicest passages. The number of passages which I had thus marked—passages which, one feels, must not remain unquoted—would fill more than four times my allotted space.

Writing to Mr. Gosse, Swinburne uses Thomson's phrase, "expressive silence," as the only course permitted to him on a certain matter; and if here there be references only to brilliant passages, rather than the quotation of the passages in question—the fact that one has refrained from quotation is equally "expressive" in the sense in which Swinburne used that word. Among the most interesting of the letters are those addressed to Mr. Wise and to Mr. Clement Shorter. The first to Mr. Wise is dated April 22nd, 1885, and Swinburne asks to be excused for "a stupid, inadequate, long-winded, and egotistic letter." As a matter of fact, the letter tells much more of Swinburne himself and of his

* "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas J. Wise. Two vols. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

literary beginnings, than is to be found anywhere else in the same space, and tells it sparklingly, adequately, and modestly. The first of the letters to Mr. Shorter is to congratulate him on "the service you are doing to Henry Kingsley's memory"; and the many other letters show how greatly Swinburne appreciated Mr. Shorter's work in literature. Those on the subject of Omar Khayyám and Edward FitzGerald should henceforth be counted among the sacred writings of every Omarian and every FitzGerald devotee. A pathetic interest attaches to a letter to Lady Ritchie. I have so often heard both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton express their admiration of the work of Mrs. Shorter—a poet of genius, and one of the most remarkable and gifted women whom Ireland has ever produced—that I am not at all surprised to find Swinburne writing to Lady Ritchie, concerning poems by a friend of hers: "It is high praise for me to say that they often remind me of Mrs. Shorter's (born Dora Sigerson), which I hope you know and admire as I do." Watts-Dunton was quick to recognise the work of younger poets. Swinburne, on the contrary, as I have elsewhere said, was something of a Jupiter in his judgments. He was ready to vacate his own throne and to hail one poet as a god, or utterly to overwhelm another with a hurled avalanche of scorn. But he reserved his laudations for his peers, and delivered judgment, uninfluenced by the personal element, by friendly sentiment, or by easy good nature. It was very rarely that he thus went out of his way to pay spontaneous tribute to his younger contemporaries. Irishmen may not agree with all that he wrote on the subject of Ireland. Some may recall his frequent sneers at Tom Moore, whom I have heard Swinburne denounce as "mawkish and sentimental," but his admiration for one of Ireland's most representative woman poets should, by Irishmen and Irishwomen, be gratefully remembered.

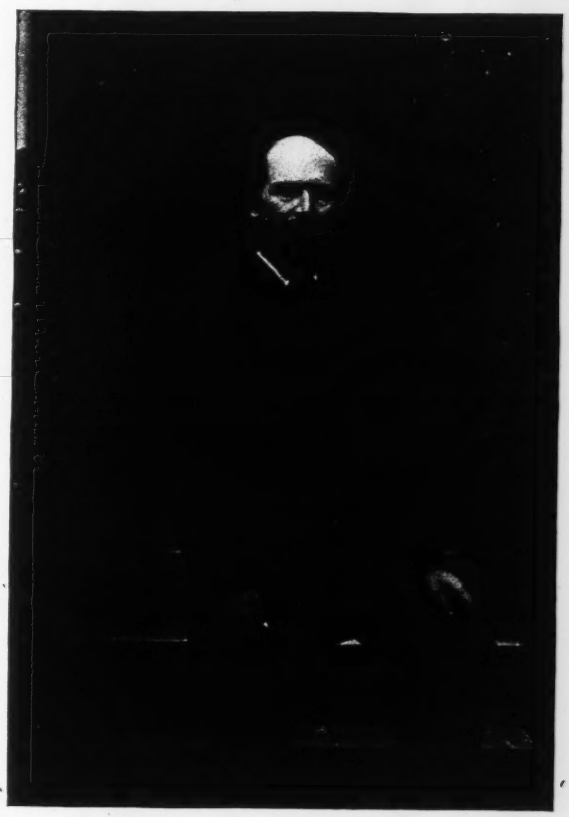

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **A. C. Swinburne.**

There is pathos, too, to those of us who remember Philip Marston, in a letter to Mr. A. H. Bullen. Speaking of John Marston, Swinburne says: "I once had the pleasure of reading some of his finest scenes to my late dear friend, Philip Marston, the blind poet, who greatly enjoyed and admired the splendid work of his old namesake." I have, on more than one occasion, heard Philip Marston speak of the reading in question as one of the memorable hours in his sad life, and I wonder sometimes into whose hands has fallen the portion, at least, of the original manuscript of "Atalanta in Calydon," then in his possession. (Those who visited him at his rooms, at 191, Euston Road, will remember that the manuscript was always within the blind poet's reach, to the left of his arm-chair by the fireside.)

Readers who are also students will be very grateful to the editors for the admirable foot-notes. Of these there are many, but not one that is unnecessary or that does not assist to a better understanding of the text. When it was my privilege to assist the late Mr. Locker-Lampson in the editorial work of the last edition of his "Lyra Elegantiarum," he insisted always on the value and importance of foot-notes, and several times expressed his regret—holding that to print foot-notes under the text would be a disfigurement in an anthology—that we had to consign our notes to the end of the book, where, too often, they are forgotten. In a collection of letters it is permittable to print the notes at the foot of the page—the course followed by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise. Writing as Swinburne often does of times and persons far removed from the present day, not a few of his most memorable sayings would lose point and meaning but for the lucid, explanatory, and always admirable notes. The research and labour entailed must have been heavy, and the gratitude of readers should be proportionate. Nor must the judgment which has been exercised in the selection of the letters be forgotten. One cannot often say of a book of this sort that it is supremely well done. To edit a collection of letters gives small opportunity to shine. The requisite qualities for such work, if the work be well done, are for that very reason non-evident. The editorial hand must everywhere be employed in moulding the plastic material, but the touch of the hand must nowhere be distinguishable. That is why Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise are so warmly to be congratulated and are so deserving of gratitude. To gather flowers by the way, and so to group them as to make each flower seem a component part of one supreme and perfect flower is not easy. To group a selection of more or less promiscuous letters so as to call up for us a living picture of the writer and of his personality is surely to have achieved a triumph of editorial skill and art.

# THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## JANUARY, 1919.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

**W. Kean Seymour,**

whose new book, "Twenty-four Poems," Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward have published.
From a drawing by Vernon Hill.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines addressed to our soldiers on Peace.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best eight lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Thora Stowell, c/o Mrs. Dicken, Maadi, near Cairo, Egypt, and Kathleen A. Braimbridge, of 22, Blakebrook, Kidderminster, for the following:

### A FLUTE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Up the street as the sun went down
A camel passed with a piping child
Scarlet coated, bare-legged, brown
With the kiss of the desert sun. He smiled
And he piped a strange and a leaping air
That thrilled my heart with a strange delight,
That crushed my heart with a wild despair—
For the walls of the town are about me fast,
And the great barred gates that may never be passed.

I saw in a dream, a low, dim tent,
And a string of camels against the sky,
And, sacred and sweet as a sacrament,
A Bedouin singing a lullaby
To the gipsy child in her arms as the sun
Swept to the west when the day was done.

I saw the desert, golden, vast,
Billowing under a golden moon,
The sky as pale as a great steel drum . . .
And I prayed to my gods for one small boon—
I prayed to my gods, but the gods are dumb—
Ere death be mine to walk one day
Once more 'neath the wide blue desert sky
Where the golden Bedouin babies play
And the gipsy fires leap wild and high.

THORA STOWELL.

### GOD'S STAR.

God lighted Him a star. His burning throne
So small an added lustre lacked, 'twould seem.
He stooped to shatter with His hand our dream,
And steal the tiny lamp we thought our own.
High Heaven, ablaze with myriads unknown
Of flaming suns, can scarce require, I deem,
A star so little; whilst (for us no gleam)
God sees us stumble in the dark, alone.
Yet could we hope some wanderer, night-beset,
Watching the cloud-gates riven, pushed ajar
By that so tiny light, might then beget
A strange and sweet desire and hear from far
God's call: mayhap would cease the wild regret
That of our darkness God hath made His star.

KATHLEEN A. BRAIMBRIDGE.

We also select for printing:

### HIS DELIGHT AT HER COMING.

I kindled, dear, a fire for thee
Heaped high with glowing branch of pine:
The flames that guide thee, sweet, to me,
Upon my lattice dance and shine.

For thee my softest couch I spread,
The pillows broidered green and gold,
To make a radiance round thy head,
For me a dear delight untold,

And by the hearth to scorn the cold,
  Should thy sweet step be thither led,
Set fairest fragrance earth doth hold
  Stored in a bowl of roses red.

For thee my household gods shall shine
  And all sweet harmony shall wear,
My simple fare of bread and wine,
  A glorious feast, with thee to share.

And now I hear thy lilting call,
  And now thy foot is on my stair,
And now thou stand'st within my hall
  Sure that a welcome waits thee there.

Thy hand enfolded close in mine,
  I do but ask a smile to win
From those sweet sunlit eyes of thine,
  Shut out the night—all heaven shut in.

(Madge S. Goode, 4, Royal Mansions Parade, West Croydon.)

## THE ACCOMPANIST.

I'm sick of the old piano, with its ceaseless tinkle and strum,
But the boys will sing, and I'm paid to play for all the singers that come.
It's "Joe! strike up!—hev ye gone to sleep? Git busy—we've just begun!"
And they roar to the roof, and forget about me, in what they fancy is fun.
And it's "O for my Honolulu love"— (ting-a-ling in the upper clef);
And I smoke my cheap cigar and wish I could all at once go deaf.

What songs—or men—are meaning I scarcely note or care;
At times there's a florid tenor, with his "Never mind the air—
Just play the accomp'niment, if you please!"—and off with a gasp he goes,
And hints that his heart is broken, for he's lost his Persian Rose.
And it's minor—minor—major (*loud*)—"Ah me! I loved you so!
Give me the garden of your heart!"—(*two turns—arpeggio!*)

Then there's our broad comedian—he is very broad and long—
With some stuff he calls a make-up, and some trash he calls a song;
And I hear the clink of glasses and the saw-like laugh and scoff,
And thro' the open window the stars look a long way off.
But it's strum-tum-tum—"My mother-in-law—I haven't known her long!"—
And I'm glad my good old mother's dead, and the cheap cigar is strong.

But now and again a singer comes—some lad with curly hair,
Who clambers up upon the stage and sings some manly air,
His voice is sweet and fresh and strong—my part is almost nil;
The old cigar goes out at last, the room is deathly still.
It's "For bonnie Annie Laurie"—the notes swim thro' a tear:
There was a girl in El Paso—once—and the stars seem very near.

(Kathleen E. Douglas, Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Private H. Marsh R.A.F. (Stalybridge), Alys Fane Trotter (London, S.W.), Helena Derezinska (Paris), A. E. W. (Torquay), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), "Pioneer" (B.E.F., France), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Lieutenant John Bateman (London, N.W.), E. A. Scutton (London, E.), H. M. Casey-Brown (Holborn), Private W. W. Kershaw (Blandford), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), M. B. (Calne), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Elsie M. French (Bristol), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), B. I. Evans (London, N.), Lieutenant G. N. Goodman (Rawalpindi, India), Gunner H. Seager Darby (Lydd), Ethel Davies (Boulder City, West Australia), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Eva Nendick (Bushey), A. B. Christie (St. John's Wood), G. B. Wardale (Shrewton), Sister E. M. T. Harrison (Reading), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Muriel Baker (London, N.W.), Private L. D. Cosgrove (Lee), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), Private P. Milne (Invergordon), Doris M. Hateley (Birmingham), J. T. Robson (Dollar), Ella Marden (Eastbourne), Rev. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Kathleen Burgess (Dublin), M. A. Newman (Brighton), B. C. Hardy (Putney), T. A. Frame (Carlisle), Sergt.-Major W. M. Maher MacNevin (B.E.F., France), I. Arlingham Davis (Crickhowell), "Phalia" (Campden Hill), W. E. R. (Dollar), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Joan Vincent Barrie (Wandsworth), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), D. E. Dalston (Sutton), K. M. Ingram (Twickenham), "Olunthos" (Belfast), Lieutenant J. Peacock (Harton), Charles S. Dougall (Dollar), Sadie S. Clay (Tingley), Thomas L. Tudor (Derby), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), David Conrad (Wanstead), M. M. (St. Leonards), A. D. Somerville (Lower Edmonton), F. Ingham (Hornsea), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), Hilda Sinopysky (Southampton), Margaret H. Wyness (Old Aberdeen), J. R. Moreton (Forest Hill), Doris A. Ibbotson (Natal), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Edith

**Lieut. Raymond Heywood**
**(Devon Regiment),**
whose book of poems, "Roses, Pearls and Tears," was recently published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

M. Carney (Bingley), Elizabeth Heyes (St. Helens), Margaret E. Richardson (Roker), Christine Havers (Edinburgh), T. J. Bayliss (Southfields), R. D. Wormald (Oxford), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Lieutenant G. M. (B.E.F., France), Frederic Warner (Auckland, N.Z.), Anna A. Walker (Sleights), E. Raworth (Harrogate), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Leucha Mary Warner (Brettenham Park), Thomas Petty (West Hartlepool), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Herbert Moore Pim (Dunmurry), J. A. Nayler (Dudley), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), W. Proctor (Sheffield), B. M. Morris (Bath), D. E. Sennit (Harlesden), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Arthur Coates (Edinburgh), Faith Hearn (Ilminster), B. B. Horton (Westerham), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), Dorothy Silverman (Southsea), "Amara" (Keighley), Private R. C. Bodker (Prees Heath), G. Hill (Finchley), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Mary C. Mair (Bristol), Olive Jolly (Liverpool), Lydia Adelaide Boot (Bristol), William Saunders (Edinburgh), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Freda J. Philips (London, E.C.), K. (Catford), Alfred J. Owens (Wethersfield), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), W. M. Rogers (Eastbourne), Zoe Provis (Hamilton, N.Z.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss B. C. Hardy, of 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.15, for the following:

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. (Hutchinson.)

"I know a bank."
*Midsummer Night's Dream, II., 2.*

We also select for printing:

WOMEN WANTED. By MABEL POTTER DAGGETT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"For what are men better than sheep or goats."
TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur.*

(L. Nugent, Whitewindows, Sowerby Bridge.)

THE GREAT HUNGER. By J. BOJER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

(1) "——in the plains of Timbuctoo,
Wouldn't I eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn-book too!"
THACKERAY.

(K. G. Cox, 46, Upton Road, Broadstairs.)

(2) "He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough."
SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Etiquette.*

(Lieutenant Reg. P. Connell, 2, Old Shoreham Road, Portslade, Sussex.)

(3) "Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a name."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Unsatisfied.*

(Emily H. Rowan, 54, Avenue Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.)

THE TELEPHONE GIRL. By A. & C. ASKEW. (Ward, Lock.)

"We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still."
M. ARNOLD, *Shakespeare.*

(270371, Sig. E. H. Ovenden, H.Q. Signals, E. & W. Kent Yeo. Battn., E.K.R., B.E.F.)

A SIN OF SILENCE. By OTTWELL BINNS. (Ward, Lock.)

"Old Daddy Long-legs, wouldn't say his prayers!"
*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Marjorie Lock, 141, Clive Road, Canton, Cardiff.)

LOVE'S BURDEN. By MARGARET PETERSON. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?"
W. S. GILBERT, *Patience.*

(Captain A. H. B. Papillon, R.E., 2nd Q.V.O. Sappers and Miners, Bangalore, India.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best Motto for the League of Nations is divided, and Two BOOKS awarded to Hubert H. Thomas, of 24, Windsor Road, Griffithstown, Mon., Wales, and Two to Agnes Glynn, of Gort, Ireland, for the following:

"All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together."
LONGFELLOW, *Hiawatha.*
HUBERT H. THOMAS.

"Trust everybody—but cut the cards."—*Mr. Dooley.*
AGNES GLYNN.

This competition has been gratifying in quantity, but a little disappointing in quality. Quite a large number of competitors sent Tennyson's "In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," which is a good description but no motto. The six best of the many others are from Elsie H. Higgs (Keynsham), Bertha M. Roberts (Fressingfield), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), M. Summers (Dunkinfield), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Private Eric N. Simons, of Officer Cadets' Club, 25, Noel Street, Wardour Street, W.1, for the following:

JOAN AND PETER. By H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

This is a prose epic that Mr. Wells has given us. It is rich, deep, stimulating stuff, the work of a mind keenly perceptive of the splendid possibilities of life, but perceptive also of the thwarting limitations imposed upon us by ourselves. The story, which is enlivened throughout by crisp, clever comment and arresting phrase, deals with two modern young people, Joan and Peter, their growth and training, their loves and adventures, but contrives at the same time to express the hatred of inertia and egotism, the insistent demand for education of the finest quality, which characterise modern progressive thought.

We also select for printing:

LITERARY RECREATIONS. By SIR EDWARD COOK. (Macmillan.)

Sir Edward Cook's collection of essays is the work of a scholar and student, which will also appeal to the general reader. These recreations of a gifted mind, of a widely informed and catholic lover of the best things in literature, are of abiding interest. A devotion to Ruskin shines through these pages, and whether the discussion is on the Art of Biography, or of Indexing, a Study in Superlatives, or The Second Thoughts of Poets, Fifty years of *The Cornhill*, or Words and the War, they all succeed in conveying to the reader a share of the author's enthusiasm.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

THE PELICANS. By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Heinemann.)

The shaft of Miss Delafield's satire has fallen upon further victims. Bertha Tregaskis, the capable woman who

"understood" children, Mrs. Severing, the shallow hypocrite, Morris, the weakling, all have their failings exposed through the medium of brilliantly written conversation. The two orphan girls, and the convent with its inmates are equally well drawn. In all her three novels the writer has proved herself to be an accomplished satirist. "The Pelicans" is one of the most convincing and subtle works that has appeared for a long time, and I look forward eagerly to another book from the same pen.

(Doreen Norris, 28a, North Audley Street, London, W.1.)

CAMILLA. By ELIZABETH ROBINS.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

As is usual with this author's work, the underlying motive is of universal interest. Camilla the perfect woman, outwardly tranquil, is engulfed in the turbulent seas of divorce and remarriage. Herself innocent, she is offered, and glories in accepting, the love of a true English gentleman, only to find that the knowledge of past possession cannot so easily be shaken off. There is some reaction; but the concluding note of the book is of final understanding. We are led to see that the stringent laws of Society are often pitifully unjust; for Camilla is more innocent than many wives and mothers of irreproachable fame.

(Ethel Webster, Lynton House, Marlborough Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol.)

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
By GEORGE O'BRIEN. (Maunsel.)

Here is a book which carefully traces the present evil economic conditions in Ireland back to their source with unerring accuracy. The author has succeeded in making a wealth of statistics and other data at once useful and interesting. Its interest will be shared by the man in the street equally with the student of economics. It is a careful compilation of facts from which the reader may draw his own conclusions and beyond the emphasis of some obvious deductions there is no attempt to intrude personal opinions or prejudices injudiciously. Briefly it is a successful economic study.

(Ethel Mulvany, 21, Drury Street, Dublin.)

This prize would have gone to Lieutenant Creswell Payne, but he has exceeded the space limit. Other competitors have, as usual, transgressed in the same way. We specially commend the twelve reviews by Alan D. Emerson (Taunton), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Edith Beechey (Pentre), H. B. Carson (Belfast), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), F. Tutt (Greenwich), A. Littlejohns (Bideford), Cyril G. Taylor (Bedall), Rev. W. J. May (Tonypandy).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Corporal G. Ralton Barnard, of the Military Hospital, Haxley Road, York.

## AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM DISSENT.*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

REFLECTING on this peace-offering held out to other denominations and to the Church of England by that eminent Baptist, Mr. J. H. Shakespeare, I am tempted to give it a name famous from of old; for its occasion, drift and significance are to be sought in "The Perils of the Last Days." Long ago, at a turning point in the world's history, the singer opened his dolorous chant, "Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus." Mr. Shakespeare has been watching the signs of the times; he is wide awake to them. For a believer in God and His Christ they have a message, but one not easy to decipher, and still more challenging to fulfil. The question is not "Will Religion survive?" A man of thought, advanced in years, wrote to me with almost flaming indignation when, by way of experiment, I put that query suggested now from many points of the compass before him. "Survive?" he answered. "Religion will survive so long as Death proposes to every one of us the supreme problem." And he was justified. The "whence" and the "whither," not to be revealed by what we term science, will always make men seekers after God, who alone can satisfy our prayer for light. Religion, however, comes down to us in historic forms, in churches, sects, creeds, ministries, in the shape of Establishment and Dissent. How will it fare with such forms during the crisis—most rightly so named—that is to say, the trial and judgment—of every standing power, at this day not to be delayed or evaded? My author beholds "The Churches at the Cross-Roads"—one of which leads down to the abyss where so many thrones and dominations have sunk into everlasting night. They were, they are not. Shall it be the same with our long-cherished institutions?

Dissent, for instance, has been a great power in England spiritual and political, at least since the reign of James I. Transplanted to America it overshadowed the Episcopal Church, growing ever until it is now the prevailing form of Christianity in the United States, outside the Roman Communion. At home, thanks to its gift of organising a policy, it sends into Parliament nearly one-third of the House of Commons. Its charities, missionary efforts, publications, societies of the most varied kinds, are beyond counting. We meet its presence all over the land. Yet there is alarm among its leaders at the prospect yearly disclosed of a falling away so steady, so universal, as to forbode the coming of a time when Dissent will be little more than the ghost of itself, lurking in shy corners, without authority to guide any large part of the nation, or charm to win adherents beyond its born disciples. Certainly, it can still rely upon representative men known to us all, enthusiastic, cultivated, shrewd, in touch with modern movements. But its Sunday

* "The Churches at the Cross-Roads." By J. H. Shakespeare, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

XUM

schools do not fill; on the contrary they show enlarging empty spaces; its communicants decline by the thousand; it seems unable to get a hold on the working classes; and for the people as a whole its watchwords have no meaning. Burke once crystallised its proud contention in the phrase, eagerly caught up by this left wing of the Reformers, "the dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." Admirably said; but who now is much concerned about the precise truth or cogency of those claims, long so mighty to inspire action, to defy persecution? Take Englishmen at random, how few would be able to guess in what way the Congregationalists differ from the Wesleyans, or the Wesleyans among themselves, or the Baptists from either sort! Ancient controversies, obsolete questions, entrenched in overlapping "causes," where a dwindling community repeats in terms never disputed within its walls, but forgotten outside, the shibboleths of a defunct period. Even vast historical Churches have been accused of living in the past. They, however, command a wealth of resources denied to schools or sects which are more like gardens enclosed than nations and types of civilisation. The nation will come out alive from almost any catastrophe; the Roman or the Greek Church corresponds to a form of culture going back to the origins of Christianity. If, as the facts prove, Dissent was always the birth of a crisis, an episode rather than a new creation, what can it do when quite another sort of crisis breaks out upon us, not interested in the old quarrels at all?

Such is the engrossing subject to which Mr. Shakespeare brings qualities of the most attractive presentment, in a style of English everywhere well chosen, with a fervour and yet a self-control not often seen in this kind of writing. I have read his pages twice and shall read them again, wishing that by some happy turn of events his hopes might win fruition. For he perceives that Dissent has had its day; that it must suffer a sea-change, if it is not utterly to perish; and that the word of the future is "Unity." But there was a "soul of Puritanism" once. How can it remain, in Carlyle's mystic language, "part of the eternal soul of things"? England remembers, not without a thrill, her Milton, Cromwell, Baxter, Bunyan, Wesley, Spurgeon, and the Pilgrim Fathers who founded a New England, grown to-day into a sister-Commonwealth. Is the spirit, the essence, of all that stern enthusiasm to become mere oblivion, an old almanac? Not so, my meditative author would reply; but the need of Nonconformity is past; the doctrines are, so to speak, blended in a larger view; men know better how to live and let live. I am reminded of Matthew Arnold's definition of heresy, "separating for opinion"; and, as Mr. Shakespeare was in writing, though he has not followed out the opening thus afforded, of Macaulay, who recognised in the Roman Church a great principle whereby she reconciles enthusiasm with government. The Church of England never had that secret; hence Dissent sprang; and only by acquiring the wisdom of an internal toleration can the severed portions be united. In the Catholic world many are the schools of opinion, Dominican, Franciscan, Jesuit; but all opinion is held in the unity of one Faith, and by that Faith limited. Mr. Shakespeare would like the denominations to become schools in the one Christian tradition. If the Nonconformist bodies entered into alliance with one another more closely than at present, each would keep its historic commentary on the creed; but the creed would be recognised as binding all in the bonds of a Scriptural confession. I am using the word "creed" loosely as equivalent to a common understanding in which the Church of England might join. There would thus be one Federation made up of the Establishment and the Free Churches, with a succession of pastors, episcopal on one side, ministerial on the other, distinct but not divided, bearing some analogy (but let this be not pressed very far) to the relations between the secular and the regular clergy in the ancient churches of East and West. Then the English people might listen to a religious authority which was national as it has never been since the sects arose; the Puritan and the Anglican would be reconciled.

This vision of peace dawned upon a man who calls himself modestly a "wayfarer." Born in a distant northern village, brought up after the straitest sect of his religion, a Baptist, he was led by slow steps into a larger world. He owns his debt to the late Dr. Parker, to the late Hugh Price Hughes, to R. J. Campbell and Dr. Butler, to the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Winchester and Oxford; and so we arrive at the Free Church Council, where the new impetus of the spirit made itself felt, while the leaders found how much more vital were the things on which they agreed than the things on which they seemed to differ. But here was the tragic *nodus*, as yet defying the statesman's dexterity, that Dissent, commonly thought to be free and fluent, was hampered as much as the Church of England by establishments, by local interests, by "overlapping"; and that the vision of peace, central and one amid differences, had not yet risen upon the multitude. They were still, as I remember them myself more than half a century ago, barricaded in their penfolds, unable to imagine that freedom lay outside; or else, in a mood of despair, they were tempted to "make terms with every worldly interest and power, business, politics, society, sport and intellectualism." Where, one may ask rather sadly, do we now see triumphant the "Puritan ideals" or the "Methodist fervour"? If in former times "other worldliness" had its drawbacks, now in the twentieth century there is little fear of them; the perils of the last days are sheer secularism and paganism, with a conviction deep as life that "death ends all."

Naturally, then, I am impressed by the first chapters in which Mr. Shakespeare deals with general views and widespread threatenings to religion altogether, rather than by those where the question of federating Nonconformists holds the scene. And, of course, I believe in the vision of a Church Catholic appealing to mankind, arrayed in the splendour of one Faith, one Brotherhood. Seldom have I come across a volume marked by such simplicity of aim, such candour of argument; while the expression is direct and earnest all through, and the feeling by which it is prompted most Christian, most human, putting me in mind of Vinet or another heart-subduing teacher of the true spiritual type. We may sum up the author's conclusion in a single sentence: "Henceforth, let the Church reveal itself as the world's Holy Place; and in the Holy Place let there be Peace."

# New Books.

## SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.*

" It is no disparagement to the erudition and scholarship that have so piously been heaped about Shakespeare to say that we shall sometimes find it salutary to disengage our minds from it all, and recollect that the poet was a playwright." In these words, taken from the Preface to his work, the author indicates the point of view which he has chosen to study several of Shakespeare's plays. It is not the first time that Shakespeare's workmanship has been so considered for there was published some time ago a book by Mr. Brander Matthews bearing the title placed at the head of this review. The chapters in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's monograph were first written as lectures and delivered as such by him in his capacity as King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in that " sacred Nursery of blooming Youth " that stands on the banks of the Cam. And greatly to be congratulated are the students who were privileged to be participants of what must surely have been a delightful experience. Voice and gesture would give point to the wit and eloquence of which there is ample evidence in these admirable papers, which will be heartily welcomed by the lovers of the immortal works of William Shakespeare, playwright. The plays that we are asked to study with their expositor are " Macbeth," " A Midsummer Night's Dream," " The Merchant of Venice," " As You Like It," " Henry IV., Parts I. and II., so far as they deal with the Story of Falstaff," " Hamlet," " Pericles," " King Henry VIII.," " Cymbeline," " The Winter's Tale," and " The Tempest." All the chapters are full of good things and abounding common sense, the latter not always a characteristic of the usual commentator, and are delightfully unconventional. Time and again Sir Arthur insists on the fact that Shakespeare was, as a playwright, constructing and writing his plays for the people who frequented the " Globe " and other play-houses and not for Goethe, Coleridge, Johnson, etc. And as written for such an audience they are to be judged accordingly. The play that appeals most strongly to Sir Arthur is " The Tempest," of which he writes :

" And I conclude by asseverating that were a greater than Ariel to wing down from Heaven and stand and offer me to choose which, of all the books written in the world, should be mine, I should choose —not the 'Odyssey,' not the 'Æneid,' nor the 'Divine Comedy,' not 'Paradise Lost,' not 'Othello,' nor 'Hamlet,' nor 'Lear,' but this little matter of two thousand odd lines—'The Tempest.' . . . 'The Tempest,' as I see it, forces diviner tears [than those for 'Othello' or 'Lear'], tears for sheer beauty; with a royal sense of this world, and how it passes away, with a catch at the heart of what is to come. And still the sense is royal; it is the majesty of art: we *feel* that we are greater than we know. So on the surge of our emotion, as on the surges ringing Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist. Actually it dwells in our eyes, bedimming them: and as involuntarily we would brush it away, there rides in it a rainbow; and its colours are wisdom and charity, with forgiveness, tender truth for all men and women growing older, and perennial trust in young love."

We note that, although the work was only published " a little month " ago, it is already in its second impression, and rightly it deserves this success not only for its masterly insight, but also for its choice presentation of an extremely attractive subject. It will intensify the enjoyment of those by whom Shakespeare's works are already beloved and should create that enjoyment in others. When this has been said and when the present writer has voiced his debt of gratitude for many solacing hours it is only right to add that the book contains more than a few misprints, many misquotations, which a careful reading of the proofs should have made impossible, and some erroneous statements—such as the one where it is remarked (p. 23) that Cleopatra " hales the dying Antony " up to the balcony (the author is confusing this with an incident in Act II., v.); (p. 222) where a scene in " Pericles " is compared with a similar one in " Macbeth " instead of with " Measure for Measure "; (p. 252) where Hero is described as the deceased *wife* of Claudio; (p. 322) where Florizel's father is stated to have been under the hallucination of jealousy. The " exquisitely poignant " five lines quoted on page 280 are spoilt by " rock " being misprinted " lock." " O Professor! " as Charles Lamb would say. Writing of whom reminds one that a reference to that choice writer (p. 62) is incorrectly cited. The correct reading is to be found in Haydon's Autobiography. A misstatement as to De Quincey occurs on page 281. Sir Sidney Colvin seems to be rather unfairly treated in a reference to his comment on Keats's Nightingale Ode quoted from his monograph on Keats in the " English Men of Letters " series. The opinion there expressed is modified in his recent Life of the poet where he distinctly states that what Keats had truly in mind was the imperishability, not of the " song-bird," but of the " bird-

* " Shakespeare's Workmanship." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

*From a photo taken at Los Angeles.*

**Harold R. Peat, Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. Peat.**

Mr. Peat is the author of the very successful story of a Canadian's experiences in the war, " Private Peat," published recently by Messrs. Hutchinson.

song." A writer's malapropos subsequently recanted ought not to be cited to his undoing. Presumably Sir Arthur has not read the Life or has, perhaps, overlooked the passage.

On pp. 200–1, there is printed what, as it stands, would appear to be a quotation from a single work of Coleridge on the psychology of Hamlet. It is, however, from both the *Table Talk* and one of Coleridge's lectures, so that the statement that " into the middle of the criticism, Coleridge drops the artless remark, ' I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so,' is not quite appropriate nor accurate seeing that it fell from his lips in the freedom of social intercourse, and was not a public pronouncement. It is the concluding sentence to the first quotation (from the *Table Talk*).

To conclude, the author ascribes to Hazlitt the statement that when we read " Hamlet " or witness it on the stage " it is *we* who are Hamlet." This idea Hazlitt probably borrowed from Charles Lamb who, in his essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, makes a similar remark with reference to Lear—" While we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

## THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.*

In the great days of youth, when we first read " Biographia Literaria," " Modern Painters," and other heady stuff, we used to get excited about the alleged distinction between Imagination and Fancy and the relative worth of works or passages supposed to exhibit those qualities. The value of such distinctions (if I may paraphrase poor Bunsby) lies in the application of them ; and in the case of Barrie's delicate inventions the application is singularly baffling ; for, in the usual sense of those words, his plays are neither Fanciful nor Imaginative, although one feels they ought to be. Consider. His figures are mere phantasms and his touch upon the facts of life is that of a poet. His world, for all its outward semblance of reality, is as remote as the sphere of Ariel, and it is significant that the controlling character in his latest play is called Lob. He is, in short, as much a poet as any creative artist can be who writes in prose and makes no call upon the imagination. His realm is that of Fantasy, which lies on the farther side of Fancy towards the borderland of the Grotesque. Yet in spite of his unpromising machinery he gets home to our hearts as swiftly and unerringly as Mozart, who brings us trembling before the eternal verities by means of a gay libertine, a comic lackey, and a stone statue that tramps in to supper.

Take for illustration the first playlet in the present volume. The characters are four charwomen, a fussy curate, and a massive Kiltie with hairy legs. They take tea and winkles, and talk in a nice derangement of epitaphs culled from the Sunday papers. They seem to be as crude and vulgar as creatures can be ; but they belong to the world of poetry, not to the world of fact. " I am generally admired," says Private Kenneth Dowey of the Black Watch, in the very words of Private Willis of the Grenadier Guards ere he sprouts his wings and marries the Fairy Queen. And with this apparently hopeless apparatus of charwomen and winkles Barrie gets that grip on the heart which is the prerogative of genius ; and a perfect little play ends with the old lady, so heroically mendacious, turning over her " medals," relics of that brazen adventure with Kenneth (now fallen), before she takes up mop and pail to start out for her day's " char." Not quite the end ; for there is the audience furtively feeling for handkerchiefs, and the spirit of Margaret Ogilvy chuckling through her tears of pride as she exclaims, " I'm in it again."

" The New Word " gives us another aspect of the war—father and son faced by the possible parting, trying to break down their shyness and to get on friendly terms. We have met this theme of father and son before, in " Little Mary " ; but what was there a whimsical notion here takes a hue of tragedy under the shadow of war. There is nothing deep in this play ; but it is delightfully touched with an intimate sense of hearth and home and happy family life in the suburbs. In " A Well-Remembered Voice " the same theme is presented with a strange and daring variation—father and son getting to know each other better across the great gulf, father broken and living, son joyous and dead. Strangely enough, this play of the beyond seems more tangible than the other ; but I note in both a direct intimation, new in Barrie as far as I remember, that it is the father, not the mother, to whom the son turns in the great deeps of his feeling.

" Barbara's Wedding," a medley of an old soldier's memories and current facts, is a wonderfully written piece in which past and present, the remembered and the real, melt and change into each other before the reader's eye. Incidentally, in the Colonel's young gardener, now a captain, who marries his old master's granddaughter, we get a solution of the Crichton problem not possible before. What becomes of that great man when he leaves service ? Of course he goes into the Army and mounts there as naturally as he did on the Island. Barrie must now write the awaited sequel in which Sergeant Crichton of the first act becomes Chief of the Staff in the last and marries his Lady Mary.

Barrie has solved another problem, too, the right presentment of acted plays to a reader. To see one of his plays on the stage is only half the fun ; you must read it as well in his own setting of delightful comment and description. Like Hamlet, he is as good as a chorus. On the stage or in print, he is irresistible. He casts his spell upon us and we follow him like another Pied Piper. The Wizard of the North !

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* " Echoes of the War." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

## WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS.*

The collecting of jewels was the business as well as the hobby of Tamar Scott, dealer in precious stones and antique jewellery in Dean Street, Soho. The fury of the chase had so grown upon her as to dwarf and almost stifle all the ordinary emotions of humanity. Indeed, when the story opens, Tamar had but one agreeable trait—her friendship for her elderly admirer, Christopher Bramfield, a diamond merchant and kindred enthusiast, who realised that there were unsuspected jewels in Tamar's character if she could be saved from her growing sin of covetousness. Ingeniously Miss Harraden connects the development of Tamar's soul with the history of another collector who had cherished his secret like a guilty thing and had forfeited the love of his wife by the hoard of wealth he had left her. Tamar's expert knowledge had safeguarded the fortune of the Thornton family, who ever afterwards insisted on regarding the sharp-tongued London dealer as their friend and confidante. The Thornton children broke down Tamar's reserve, and the humanising process worked apace. The first proof of it was Tamar's confession to Rupert Thornton of how nearly she had succumbed to the temptation of stealing some of his father's jewels. When the Thornton boys " joined up," Tamar also was gradually drawn into war work. A business visit to Holland opened her eyes to the miseries of war, and from this date Tamar was the secret, somewhat churlish, but very generous benefactor of the refugees. The old greed died hard and made many protests, but her lover, Bramfield, knew that his intuition had not erred. Tamar's change of heart had come too late to make her happiness completely possible and she was left to " carry on " alone with only the memory of her gallant lover. The character of Tamar Scott is brilliantly drawn, and its interest fills and sustains the entire story. Miss Harraden has deliberately sacrificed to the graces to obtain this end. Beside Tamar the rest of the characters are only

* " Where Your Treasure Is." By Beatrice Harraden. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

walking-on parts, and the construction of the story is left to look after itself. There are whole chapters of irrelevant war material and we turn from them, as impatiently as the author must have done, to renew acquaintance with Tamar Scott.

## CHAPTERS FROM MY LIFE.*

Some of the most passionate advocates of unity, in the ecclesiastical world, have been stormy petrels, so far as their own careers are concerned. The late Dr. C. A. Briggs was an example of this, in America. Sir H. S. Lunn is another. He has worked for reunion of the churches with a creditable zeal. He writes this book of reminiscences "with special reference to reunion," hoping to promote a peace between the churches after the war. And its pages are for the most part a record of controversy.

The author studied for the Methodist ministry; then resolved to go as a medical missionary to India, and studied for this purpose in the medical school of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as in the theological. But his advocacy of Home Rule did not make for peace and popularity in that quarter, though it proved that he had a soul above ecclesiastical prejudices. When he reached India, in 1887, his health gave way, and he returned to London, to join Hugh Price Hughes in the West London Mission. Then came the bitter controversy on missionary methods which raged in the Methodist Church over his indictment of the policy and "luxury" of European missionaries in India. This nearly drove Dr. Lunn into the Church of England. However, he decided to remain where he was, and gradually passed into a business career, conjoined with an honourable zeal for bringing the Christian churches together. His short-lived periodical, *The Review of the Churches*, his successful Grindelwald Conferences, and a variety of personal efforts all contributed to this propaganda.

Sir Henry has seen clearly one of the vital issues in this problem of church reunion. Ultimately, what keeps the churches apart is not a question of State-relationship, nor of church-government, but of the Sacraments. The most important dogma in the history of the Church has been that of the Sacraments; it underlies organisation to an extent undreamt of by most people. Sir Henry instinctively feels this:

> "Although there is to-day a strong revival in Methodism of a desire for a realisation of the rightful place of the Sacraments in the life of the Church, this element had largely passed out of Methodism in the later Victorian period. In those days Methodism had to a large extent lost the note of exultant joy in the thought of the Real Presence of her Lord at the Communion table, where His Love is celebrated."

Sir Henry recalls the truer teaching of Wesley on this point, and boldly claims that many of the Reformed Churches have much to learn in the discipline of the religious life on such matters as confirmation and retreats.

Another fruitful thought is that reunion will never come except through an increased sense of responsibility for the social ends of the Church. This conviction was probably rooted in his mind by Hugh Price Hughes, and it cannot be emphasised too sharply at the present day. What will bring churches together in a vital union will be the common, unselfish desire for the greater interests of God's kingdom on earth.

There is more in this book, of course, than propaganda. It is the record of a busy life, interested in the world of men and things. But the author intends it to be taken as a plea for catholicity, and as such it is to be read. Dr. Thomas Hodgkin once observed that "the most easily uttered word in the whole of the New Testament is *anathema*." This touch of gentle sarcasm is not undeserved in some quarters. The hope of the immediate future lies with those who take a better way in the churches of our country, not by ignoring principles, but by considering and expressing the essential unity of true believers. It is a twofold labour, partly the work of responsible ecclesiastics and theologians, partly the work of those who create a genuinely Catholic atmosphere. And Sir Henry Lunn may claim to have forwarded this *rapprochement* in his own communion.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Chapters From My Life." By Sir Henry S. Lunn. With a Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

## "IN WORLDS NOT REALISED"*

The stream of books still issuing from the press which deal with attempts to verify by scientific or philosophic methods the ancient idea that man is a spirit is eloquent of the interest which to-day centres about the question.

Mr. F. C. Constable in his compact little volume, "Telergy," treats the subject on philosophical lines, relying considerably on Kant—no mean authority—and reinforcing his argument by more recent findings of the Society for Psychical Research of which he is a distinguished member. His thesis may be concisely stated in his own words:

> "I have preferred an argument to show that, assuming telepathy to be a fact of human experience, we have evidential proof, proof from human experience, that we exist, transcendent of time and space, as souls, and that communion transcendent of time and space exists between us all as souls."

Telepathy may perhaps be now considered as proved by the evidence accumulated by the S.P.R. and other bodies of psychic investigators, but we are left a little in doubt as to the precise meaning to be attached to the term "telergy." To Mr. F. W. H. Myers it represented the force or mode of action involved in telepathy; to Sir

* "Telergy: The Communion of Souls." By Frank C. Constable, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)—"What is this Spiritualism?" By Horace Leaf. 5s. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

**A Steam Trawler in a Gale.**

From "Fishermen in War Time." By Walter Wood (Sampson Low), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

William Barrett telergy differs from telepathy as implying the direct influence of an extraneous spirit. The point is of no great importance in the present instance, Mr. Constable's position being that whether in the body or out of it, we exist equally as souls independent of time and space. Still one would have preferred the simpler word "telepathy." Similarly it would seem better to have spoken of "spirits" instead of "souls," since the spirit is generally taken to be the innermost reality of the man, the soul being intermediary between the ego or spirit and the body. The use of the term personality instead of individuality in Mr. Constable's argument is also open to question, the personality being a fleeting thing relating to the physical form (*persona*, a mask).

These are small defects in a book which is valuable and thought-provoking, especially as regards the chapters on "The Communion of Souls," "Ecstasy," "Dreams" and "The Disembodied," howbeit in the last we are brought back again to the question of terms. We find it possible to conceive of a discarnate being, but not a "disembodied" one. St. Paul taught that there is a "spiritual body," and he was not without practical experience in the matter.

Holding by this presumed absence of embodiment, Mr. Constable, while affirming a post-mortem life and the reality of communion between the seen and the unseen worlds, takes up a neutral attitude towards such definite forms of communication as those related, for example, in "Raymond." "They must all be treated as parables for thought," he tells us—a deep saying.

The author is at his best in dealing with basic principles. He offers us the proposition that consciousness is groundless, being in itself the ground of all certainty. That is indisputable, since the veriest materialist can prove nothing except he begins by assuming his own existence as a self-conscious being. This self-consciousness expressed in the "I, myself" of every person must, as the author shows, necessarily exist outside of time and space since it remains independent of all their permutations, and communication between the conscious "selves" is not dependent on material modes.

With Mr. Horace Leaf's exposition of Spiritualism we abandon high philosophy, for the consideration of concrete evidences of human survival as furnished by psychic phenomena, whether physical or mental, induced or spontaneous. It is an elementary but very clearly-written manual. There is little in it that will be new to students of this class of literature. Indeed it is admittedly written for the guidance of the man in the street. Mr. Leaf is an experienced and practical exponent of his subject, and his book will be useful to the uninitiated, although it is to be hoped that they will not be led into the idea that the psychic side of life is its most important one, since the progressive life of the human spirit may be pursued along the common ways, without any assistance from psychic phenomena. The purpose of "psychic manifestations" may well be to serve a special need—the breaking of a thick crust of materialism, to accomplish which the finer methods of the human spirit are unadapted. The book contains some striking cases of supernormal happenings, both personal and from published records.

DAVID GOW.

## SUB ROSA.*

For so many years did we delight—while the other fellow was squirming—in the shrewd and humorous home-thrusting articles that appeared under the above heading in the *Morning Leader*, that no other title seems possible for this review. The book is a piece of "S. L. H." himself. It is characteristic of the man; and those who have sat under him—don't let us be too literal!—at a table where tongues wag, know that the best part of the feast is not to be found among the comestibles, and that what is characteristic of this man is good company for any old hour. Talk, Mr. Hughes blandly confesses, he prefers to any other form of recreation; and within these pages, we get such talk as keeps the heart sweet with laughter, is never unkind and proves recreation most excellent.

That Mr. Hughes has pungency in his words is well known; but truly, for a politician he has kept pretty human. That wonderful and redeeming fact is of course largely accounted for by his possessing a well-developed sense of humour. The bore and the hass—Mr. Hughes goes out of his way to remind us that Bumble did not call the law a hass—are always capable of becoming tolerable when their defects are regarded through spectacles of humour; otherwise the gods on their high stools would be having a rotten time. Only once in these reminiscences does the author sharpen his laughter with an edge of ridicule, and that, in the circumstances, is excusable. He uses a photograph of the eccentric Mr. Hunnable, an odd candidate at the Jarrow election (when Mr. Hughes was defeated) clinging to a lamp-post and surrounded by a mass of laughing furnace-men. The incident reminds us that if Mr. Hughes's sojourn among politicians has been pedestrian, as becomes the laughing philosopher in Parliament, he has known an infinity of people, generally interesting, in the three public worlds he has experienced, and can talk about them amusingly. As journalist, as lecturer, as Member for Stockport, he has kept his head; and always, thanks to the shrewdness of humorous insight, has seen the wise and the unwise much as they are, and found them very like. Among the daring achievements of this volume, Mr. Hughes disestablishes the story of the Hartington yawn. His version is that Lord Hartington was the only man who ever dreamed that he was addressing the House of Commons, and woke up to find that the dream was true. Let us keep both versions. The Duke was heavy enough to support them. The frankly farcical, a frequent phase of the Sub Rosa viewpoint, comes hurtling and tramping in towards the end when Mr. Hughes tells the story of the ex-Kaiser's (a nice improvement!) fantastic trip through the Holy Land where, playing the extreme mountebank, he paraded, and posed, and preached. The adventure was so preposterous, illustrating the theatrical sense and utter lack of humour of the chief actor in the old scene, that the details of history Mr. Hughes invented for the occasion were really not called for; and yet the added farce with its grotesqueries and pomposities fitted the eccentric performer so well that it is as excusable as an old-fashioned harlequinade to an old-fashioned pantomime. Enough has now been said of this humorous, human book to send readers after it. It is the right fare for these healing days.

* "Press, Platform and Parliament." By Spencer Leigh Hughes. 12s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

## SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.*

In the steady stream of anthologies which flows into every editor's office there are a good many minnows and gudgeons, but now and then a genuine "catch." "Songs for Sale" is emphatically one of the latter. Mr. Jones has angled skilfully, and with a nice eclecticism too rare in these days of the undiscriminating haul of good and bad fish alike. And the result repays his care. Few of the poems are "indifferent good"; far less can they be said to be of the obviously bad and banal variety. The poignant "Hapchance Oracle" by Jane Barlow (which gains additional poignancy from the fact that that delightful Irish singer entered the last silence only a few months ago) is one of the best and most original of recent war poems; Wilfrid Blair's "Strange Servant" has a haunting music and a charmingly novel *motif*; and Dorothy Plowman's "Shotover" is a noble piece of landscape painting. Many others deserve

* "Songs for Sale." Edited by E. B. C. Jones. 3s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Spindrift." By V. de S. Pinto. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"First Songs." By Anthony Allen. 4s. net. (Maunsel.)—"Youth and Age." By Claude Colleer. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Refining Fires." By Wilfred J. Halliday. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Exiles of the Snow, and Other Poems." By Lancelot Hogben. 2s. net. (Fifield.)—"City Songs, and Others." By Richard Rowley. 4s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

notice, did space permit. A few "Cubes" (not bad as cubes go) only serve as foils to the dignity of the ordered verse. Here is one of the most quotable specimens, taken from Mr. Edward Shillito's "Thanksgiving":

"Before the winter's haunted nights are o'er,
I thankfully rejoice that stars look down
Above the darkened streets, and I adore
The Heavens in London Town.

* * * * *

The Heavens, whose glory has not known increase
Since Ralegh swaggered home by lantern-light,
And Shakespeare, looking upward, knew the peace,
The cool deep peace, of night."

"Spindrift" is one of those little books of verse, delicate and distinguished, which reflect the scholar's outlook on the war as seen at first hand. Apparently Mr. Pinto has seen it from both the Eastern and Western fronts (he writes from Gallipoli, from Cairo, from the foot of Sinai, and from a battle-field in France); and his attitude is one of stoical bravery, with a touch of that poetry which wrests beauty from the most sordid depths of human misery. He translates from the Latin of Catullus and the French of Gautier and Victor Hugo; and records how evening falls on alien hills:

"Around their spurs a scarf of pale mist steals,
And dims the dreaming meadows all around.
The world's asleep, nor is there any sound,
Save the low droning of the water wheels,
And the boy's song that guides the patient beast,
Wailing old sorrows of the lonely East."

If Mr. Anthony Allen's "First Songs" sometimes miss fire, there is quite a perceptible spark—the promise that is almost achievement—in many of them. For a first book, indeed, this gives a quite unusual sense of literary values realised, of poetic felicities sought and, not seldom, seized. Sometimes prose intrudes, it is true, as in the line, "All my sorrows fly like fun"; but the "Attic Outlook" and the "Wee People" nobly redeem the error. "The Child's Hymn of Spring" contains, it must be admitted, phrases strangely unchildlike. "Song," however, is a much better example of child-poetry; and here is a mystical note recalling Blake:

"We met again in tenderness;
We parted, both in deep distress.
The troubles of our lives looked out
Angrily in a moment's doubt,
And we two quarrelled as in past years,
Though separated by the spheres."

The tragedy of Youth sacrificed to Age—made a mere pawn in the diplomatic game of greybeards—is sung by Mr. Claude Colleer with a passion and a fearless outspokenness worthy of the theme. He sees how the safe stay-at-homes have power to make war by secret treaties; men who cry "To the last man!" complacently, sure that their own comfortable club-life and arm-chair strategy will go on as before. Meanwhile Youth pays the price; Youth that, while Old Age and Middle Age discussed the "gamble" at Gallipoli, "saw the maggots creep in livid wounds" and in the "skulls with young, white teeth." Some of the verses are as noble in poetry as in passion; and one records the priceless lesson the young men have learnt:

"That those they fought were husbands, lovers, sons,
Even as they,
Fighting as bravely for the same sweet hopes,
And dying the same way."

Lieutenant Wilfred J. Halliday is another of the intrepid band who mix song and soldiering with a cheery courage at which we at home can only marvel. He writes a good sonnet in "Misunderstood" and a good lyric in "The Issue," and shows, like so many of our soldiers, a lofty Christian faith triumphant over all the horrors of war. But it is unfortunate that he has cumbered his book with so much controversial matter—the diatribes against Suffragists and trade unionists are particularly regrettable at this time of day—and also that he has not studied the art of the window-dresser, his best things being hidden away in the middle of the volume. Here is one of them:

"So the Great Refiner's hand
Lays its shadow on our land;
Purifies, if we allow,
Clears the anguish from the brow.
But the will to choose is free.
Light or dark—which shall it be?"

The "refining fires" whose fierceness civilians can hardly imagine have left this young soldier's head and heart unbowed and his ideals intact. All honour to him.

Love of nature and devotion to the aims of democracy are the dominant motives of Mr. Lancelot Hogben's modest, dove-coloured little volume. His "Exiles of the Snow" are liberated political prisoners returning from Siberia; and his book is dedicated to his comrades of the *Herald* League—facts equally significant of his allegiance to the grand fraternity of Shelley, Mazzini and Garibaldi. But it is nature, after all, which touches him most nearly and tenderly. With the huddled figures on the Embankment he handles—we might almost say he fondles—the forms of homing rook and sunset-kindled clover, of rowan-berries red as a robin's breast and foam white as the fleece of clouds. He should cultivate an ear for rhyme (the broadest stretch of poetic licence will not make *scarch-debauch* an assonance); but he shows himself capable of achieving something of verbal melody in stanzas like this:

"The joy of sounds is gentle, full
Of tales pitiful that lull
To sleep the fret, the care, the rage;
The sound in shells, I know that 'tis
More wise than lore of priest or sage;
And each dear bird a poet is."

The love of humanity, on the other hand, conquers the love of nature in Mr. Richard Rowley. He has the tangible stuff of the poet in him; but the fabrics woven by pale mill-girls, rather than the gossamers fairies weave or the royal tapestries of Minerva's looms, are what he seeks to fashion from it. His well-named "City Songs" throb to the tramp of the London multitudes; he prefers their tragedy and comedy to the drama of wood and field—not because he lacks the poet's sense of beauty but because, to him, it is impossible to dream in summer solitudes while so many of his kind are penned in the fetid air of slumland. The passionate humanity of the book brings that tragedy of the poor very near to us; and few things have brought the stark horror of war, as it affects the humblest homes, more vividly and intimately home to the present writer than the poignant dramatic piece, "The Knocking at the Door." And here is one of his happier verses:

"Little brown birds of the city,
With the city soot on their wings!
But laughter rules in Laughter Street,
And joy at the heart of things."

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

## LITTLE ENGLAND.*

There have been novels already which have shown the war's effect upon the middle classes of England; but Miss Kaye-Smith has chosen to picture a corner of Sussex and the sorrows in particular of one family. In scheme the book she has written most nearly resembles Miss May Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven." In "Little England," as in Miss Sinclair's book, the reactions are, as it were, concentrated into a small circle, a family circle; and the book has none of that leaping into political and philosophic digression to which Mr. Wells's "Mr. Britling" and "Joan and Peter" have made us accustomed. It is a simplified and typical picture without arguments and without explanations. The lives of perhaps a dozen people, representing the lives of many thousands of real sufferers by the war, are gathered into the pages of "Little England," and the book is offered to us as a war document. If it is nothing else, the book is that. It is quite definitely a book which

* "Little England." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. net. (Nisbet.)

*Camera portrait by Hugh Cecil.* **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**

gives, as no other has done, its clear record of the way in which war has been met in the English countryside.

The Beatup family of father and mother and five children —Tom, Harry, Zacky, Ivy, and Nell—is the family upon which Miss Kaye-Smith shows the war's action. To them are added Thyrza, who marries Tom; and the Baptist minister, Mr. Sumption, and his wild boy Jerry. Tom is killed, Jerry is shot; the girls have their love-affairs and marriages. Through all their dumb followings of impulse the distant sound of the guns in Flanders tragically runs. It is the war that gives unity to the book, and reality also. In themselves the persons of the tale are such that the reader can only at times perform that delightful act of imaginative identification. They are not intrinsically interesting, and they do not step out from the pages as disturbing realities. They are typical, sympathetically seen and almost always veraciously rendered; but they are not vehemently alive to the reader apart from the incidents and the picture in which they have their literary life. That is because Miss Kaye-Smith has seen them as creatures moulded by life and by the war, as tiny struggling details in a cataclysm. They have been sacrificed, so to speak, for art's sake. Now if they had been as passionately real as they are movingly typical "Little England" might have been a masterpiece. That the book is less than a masterpiece is due to the fact that, in the hackneyed phrase, it has the defects of its qualities. When one has seen the war going on and the casualty lists so constantly increased one has ceased, perhaps, to think of each individual in the battle. Obviously this must have been so, as everyday conversation has testified. Miss Kaye-Smith has felt the war's largeness, and has observed our tendency to think in numbers and uniforms. Her heart has rebelled against the horror of this failure to imagine the individual life; but the inspiration of her book, it seems to me, is intellectual rather than imaginative. It is as though she had resolved to show very quietly and truly the greater truth that every casualty is an immeasurable grief or an equally immeasurable release from apprehensiveness. But she has chosen the intellectual method of showing us a group, of picturing a typical home, and not the purely imaginative method of showing us the passionate hearts of those who have suffered. Her book is measured and restrained; but only within circumscribed limits is it moving. It could hardly be deeply moving when the central character in each of its seven parts is a different actor; for the air of continuity is obtained only by the invocation of the war as an embracing unity. Otherwise, each character is a sketch merely, and is both seen and portrayed objectively.

To say this without qualification would be to misrepresent "Little England," which is a novel that one is bound to respect and to admire. It has passages of beauty and distinction, of real feeling; it is restrained and scrupulous to a degree which makes more casual work appear crude and without form. Nevertheless in the skill and care of its presentation, its chosen scenes and words and pictures, one has sometimes a great longing for something outrageous, some ghastly joke or torment, to break the regularity of its scheme and by its jagged rending of Miss Kaye-Smith's excellences to shatter these typical figures and start them into life uncircumscribed. It is as a war document that "Little England" will take its place among the good novels of the year; for its characters are conventional and do not surprise us. But as a war document it has great virtue, and it is good that we should be made to think that in the war, as in all other times of crisis or of apathy, other classes besides those in which we live have had their actions and reactions, their passing joys and their inevitable sorrows.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIA.*

Turkey's surrender gave urgency to problems affecting the future of large tracts of land that have been wrested from her during the war. Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, of the British Palestine Society, has very definite views concerning Palestine, and therefore his book is opportune. He wishes "to build up a great dominion of Jews in the eastern Mediterranean." That State would comprise not only the Maritime Plain, the Shepheleh, and Judæa, but also "the wealthier and more fertile provinces of the north (Galilee)." Without Galilee, he contends, "the State would inevitably contract to Judæa, fit home for a theocracy, but not for a modern State achieving financial independence and capable of a thriving commercial life." He would like to see the eastern boundary carried as far as possible consistent with the interests of the new Arab State. It would be colonised altogether by Jews, immigration being strictly regulated.

From the outset, Mr. Sidebotham would have Palestine, thus constituted, "in close political dependence on the British Crown, in fact, an integral part of the British Empire." Since the Jews are "at the same stage of political development as ourselves (the British)" they could at once be associated with "the current work of Imperial organisation and defence." Thus the State would be more like a British Dominion than a British possession.

When he comes to discuss tentative details for the governance of Palestine, the author suggests Crown Colony government, to begin with. In other words, he would entrust the government to an "Executive Council presided over by a Governor." Neither the Council nor the Governor would be elected. The officials, "preferably Jews," would not be responsible "to the people of the country but to the sovereign Power." While he does not wish to create a chartered company on the model of the East India Company or the South African Chartered Company, because a "limited company has no political conscience" and also because "to have the financial centre of gravity of Palestine outside the country would be fatal to political peace and progress," he would leave the work of "the economic development of the country" in the hands of a chartered company which "should have one or more representatives on the Executive Council."

Mr. Sidebotham is keen upon the conversion of Palestine into a British Colony (Dominion he would no doubt prefer to call it) because he thinks that would be the

* "England and Palestine." By Herbert Sidebotham. 6s. net. (Constable.)—"Eastern Exploration, Past and Future." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

best way of meeting the menace to Egypt and to India. "Egypt," he says, "is our master interest in the East not so much because Egypt is valuable to this country as because it is the main channel of our communications with our Indian Empire." He contends that to say "Egypt is our master interest in the East . . . is to say that Palestine is our master interest; for Palestine, now as always, is the key to Egypt."

In case Palestine cannot be converted into a British Colony, Mr. Sidebotham would consent to the United States establishing a Protectorate over it. "The Jews and Americans," he says, "get on well together; American politics are wide and tolerant, and by reason of her very remoteness America would have no conceivable interest except to promote a strong, healthy Jewish State in Palestine." At the same time the British interests would be conserved, for "America in Palestine could never be a danger to Egypt or to India."

The French claim for *La Syrie Integrale*—the country from the boundaries of Egypt up to the Taurus—rouses Mr. Sidebotham to a vigorous protest. He contends that if France had Palestine the conflict of interests between Britain and her would become apparent sooner or later. He takes pains to refute every claim to Palestine advanced by the French and their protagonists.

Palestine being the author's chief concern, he refers to Arabia and Mesopotamia only casually. He makes it abundantly clear, however, that he would like to see the new Arab State under the "influence or suzerainty of its creator, England," and the British Empire stretch from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea.

In his zeal for Zionism, Mr. Sidebotham forgets that the Muslims regard Jerusalem as one of their sacred places, and that some even give it precedence over Medina, where their Prophet Mohammed is buried. It also appears to me that he does not seem to have any conception of the Muslim desires regarding the governance of the lands containing their sacred shrines.

Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, in his book, makes an earnest appeal for the conservation of the numerous monuments in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and for systematic excavation by scientific men in those countries. A celebrated archæologist, who has to his credit many valuable discoveries, his outlook is wide, his sympathies broad. He states that "our (the European) view of the greatness of Persia and its splendid civilisation has been unfortunately clouded by our dependence on the accounts of its enemies, Rome and Greece." He says that:

"At the time when the Greek reached the improvement of a ledge in his drinking cup to keep back the grit, the Persian was boiling all the water-supply of the Court in silver cauldrons when on campaign. No modern sanitary service could do better. In art also Persia led the way. No Greek had ever gone beyond the primitive smirk in his sculpture, until the Persian art—sane, noble and complete in its feeling and effect—showed him a higher road. The influence of Persia must have been immensely spread by the vast loot of artistic objects in the camp of Mardonius, which served as models, and by the flood of Persian troops left behind as slaves in Greece. On the narrowest estimate Xerxes brought in 300,000 men; of these, 60,000 left with Xerxes, and Artabazus rescued 40,000 more; but of the other 200,000 there must have been a great number who survived, and became slaves according to the universal rule of Greek warfare. These would be mainly drafted into mechanical arts, which were despised by the free-born, and were limited to the great slave majority of the Athenian population. We see here the reason for the sudden burst of advance which Greece made in the fifty years from the Persian war to the Peloponnesian war, including all the greatest architecture, sculpture, and philosophy. This was to Greece what the sack of Corinth was to Roman development."

Research in Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine would, Professor Petrie thinks, reveal materials to enable the world to readjust its views concerning the influence that the East exerted upon Greece and Rome, and *vice versa*. He raises his voice against neglect, vandalism and amateurish excavation. His suggestion that the little plot on which Jerusalem stands be reserved "as the sanctuary of three faiths—a space for peace and meditation," and modern Jerusalem be built to the south-west or north-west deserves special attention.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

## THREE SORTS OF POETRY.*

Some one was saying the other day that the peasants of Dorset have no place in their lives for Barnes, their poet; and that to write dialect poetry is to throw very heavy bread upon the waters. Well, if the work of Barnes has been less fortunate than that of Burns, it is at any rate most valuable in preserving for us the language and the customs of Dorsetshire. It is no doubt easier for poetry to survive in the library than on the lips of the people; but if the people do not choose to avail themselves of a gift, that is no reason why the world should be deprived. One might argue that a poet would do greater service in making his work acceptable to the whole country; but, apart from all scientific value, there is something fascinating and delightful in the dialect poet—and if, for example, the Lincolnshire farmer eschews those poems of Tennyson, there may well arise in the future a more intelligent race of countrymen. Perhaps Professor Moorman will never hear his verses crooned by the Huddersfield weavers or the fishermen of Hull; but in so far as they are the material for a local reawakening we are all in their favour, and the fact that they are poetically good *ne gate rien*. One thinks of a meeting of Yorkshire worthies as a rather stolid function—yet in Yorkshire (*pace* the other parts of the kingdom) are found the best singing voices—(it is said that every cathedral choir in England possesses at least one former member of the choir of Leeds Parish Church)—and there are various songs in this book which seem to promise a more joyous Yorkshireman, if only he will sing them. If only one of them be taken to their hearts it will produce a local patriotism greater than that aroused even by the exploits of George Hirst, the irrepressible and most resourceful of cricketers. How can one fail to enjoy "The Bells of Kirkby Overblow," which cause the aged sinner to think of his youth:

"When you hear yon church bells ringin',
You can't enjoy your sin;
T' bells clutch at your heart-strings
I' t' ale-house ower your gin.

* "Songs of the Ridings." By F. W. Moorman. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Kiltaran Poetry Book." Prose Translations from the Irish by Lady Gregory. (Dublin: Cuala Press.)—"The New World." By Laurence Binyon. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

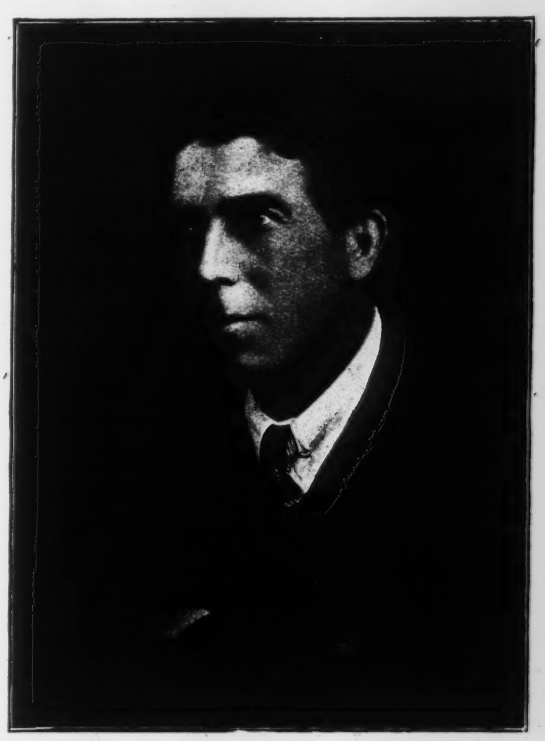

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Professor F. W. Moorman.**

At pitch-an'-toss you're laikin',
Down there i' t' wood below;
An' then you damn them rowpy bells
O' Kirkby Overblow."

We learn, by the way, a good deal of interesting local lore. For instance in a poem on "The Hungry Forties," the lads march down the street "Wi' penny loaves on pikes all steeped i' blooid," and apparently the then Duke of Norfolk gave the Food Controller even more fantastic advice than did Marie Antoinette. His panacea was curry-powders, which he recommended the people to sip in lieu of bread. "The Local Preacher" is full of humour, and the song in honour of "Lord George," the bestower of Old Age Pensions, is really delicious.

Another kind of language is that employed in this book by Lady Gregory. She says it is the speech of the thatched houses where she heard and gathered the poems. Here is an extract from Raftery's Lament for O'Daly: "It was Thomas O'Daly that roused up young people and scattered them, and since death played on him, may God give him grace. The country is all sorrowful, always talking, since their man of sport died that would win the goal in all parts with his music. . . . There is sorrow on the men of mirth, a clouding over the day, and no trout swim in the river. . . . And Raftery says this much for O'Daly, because he liked him." There is pathos and humour and beautiful language in these renderings, as one naturally expects from Lady Gregory; and one cherishes the hope that the people do really talk and sing in this fashion and that our translator has done not much more than to select the finest specimens. The welter of politics does not seem to have driven out of their minds the credulous outlook; in a cottage in Achill Island the other day an elderly person assured a friend of ours that he knew exactly what prevented the United States from seizing Canada—it is entirely owing to a great bribe, annually paid by the British Government and amounting to £30,000. "He is clean gold," says another song, "he is Heaven about the sun, he is a silver vessel having wine in it; he is an angel, he is the wisdom of saints . . ." and very likely the author of this rhapsody would have had the same explanation as another compatriot on Achill Island, who said that the hens have to be small in that part of the world, as they would otherwise be unable to get underneath the beds.

There is in Mr. Binyon's new book a very different appeal. He has been called a studious and dignified poet, but he is also full of pleasant fancies and, as in his sonnet on Kitchener, he can rebuke with effect. In this book some of the most notable pieces are devoted to young warriors, dead or surviving:

"Where is the pure blossom
That fell and refused to grow old?
The clustered radiance, perfumed whiteness,
Silent singing of joy in the blue?
—I am thinking of the young men
Whose splendour is under the mould."

And in the poem on "Oxford in War Time":

"It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown."

Now and then we seem to hear an echo, perhaps the penalty that one pays for being a scholarly poet. In "Morn like a thousand shining spears" there is a flavour of Blake. On the other hand in "Dark Wind" there is a highly original image. A great wind is blowing in the night:

"It was like a great ship now, abandoned, her crew dead,
Driving in gulfs of sky; it staggered above and sped;
I lay in the deeps and heard it rushing over my head.

"And the helpless shaking of window and door's desolate rebound
Seemed like tossing and lifting of bodies lost and drowned
In the huge indifferent swell, in the waters' wandering sound."

This in its way is almost as effective as Raftery who speaks of "his nose thin that it would go through a cambric needle; his shoulders hard and sharp that they would cut tobacco; his head dark and bushy like the top of a hill; and there is nothing I can liken his fingers to."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

## BACK TO JOY.*

Those of us who know and love Mr. Lawrence's earlier books, especially "Pilgrimage" and "Much Ado About Something," read his excursion into modern problemism and the realism of the sordid, in "Mrs. Bente," with admiration for the talent displayed and yet with certain misgivings as to whether the author was going to give himself over to the delineation of the drab in literature. Now comes a book, a brave joyous book, which proves our misgivings false. After his excursion into certain unlovely ways of modern life the author has gone back with keener vision, with fuller zest, and in the true spirit of abandonment, to the dateless days of dear delightful romance. The result is a story which should be in brisk demand with all true lovers of that same romance who are anywhere between the ages of eight and eighty.

Some years ago—a year or so after Mr. Maurice Hewlett had published his engaging book, "The Forest Lovers," I lent one of William Morris's later romances to a lady; she soon returned the volume saying that she could not get on with it, "it was too like 'The Forest Lovers.'" That was perhaps a little hard on Morris who was something of a pioneer in the particular kind of romance. His stories, and Mr. Hewlett's famous book always seem to me a kind of tapestry-fiction, in which we see the people and events as parts of a rich ornamental whole, rather than feel them as actual people engaged in actual doings. It might have seemed, with two such masters of romantic narrative, that this tapestry-like effect was all that could be achieved. But now comes Mr. Lawrence to demonstrate in happiest fashion that such is not the case. We care not to what century Sir Michael of Palentyre belongs, we care not on what map the land of Argovie is to be looked for—it and he are as real to us as the Forest of Arden and the company that play their parts in it immortally.

In "Youth Went Riding"—the title itself is an invitation—the author has humanised old romance; his are real people, going through adventures strange and hazardous enough to please the most exacting; yet all seems true to the reader's feelings. Not only are shown brave scenes, not only do we read of heroic deeds, but our sympathies are enlisted by the doers. If at the outset we may think of Sir Michael as a somewhat quixotic youth, we soon find him a genuine, impressionable and lovable young fellow, and give ourselves up whole-heartedly to following him on his damsel-rescuing exploits—Isabelle, Ermyntrude, Myrette, Jehanne, Jeannette, Avrille; the very names of the damsels are as a peal of bells from the fairy land of Romance.

Mr. Lawrence is dowered with that "love of love" which a poet has said is one of the poet's gifts; in this story he shows himself capable not only of humanising knightly romance in a way which makes it a living reality, but he shows himself capable also of lighting his narrative with glowing humour. If "Youth Went Riding" prove not one of the most popular stories of its season—then many readers will be losing much joyous entertainment which is comprised within its covers.

WALTER JERROLD.

## FANTASY, TRAGEDY AND HUMOUR.†

It is too long since we had a new book by Mr. Neil Munro, and his reappearance is a matter on which lovers of fiction set forth in alluring English are to be congratulated. Mr. Munro's last long novel, "The New Road," was hailed by many critics as his best, and there are abundant proofs in

* "Youth Went Riding: A Romance." By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. net. (Collins.)

† "Jaunty Jock." By Neil Munro. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Jaunty Jock," a collection of short stories, that the hand which wrote "The Lost Pibroch" has not lost its cunning. A comparison has been initiated between these two books, but they are not comparable: each has its own well-defined individuality and charm. "The Lost Pibroch" came as something new in letters, and many of the features that brought it immediate success figure in the new work—freshness and vividness of phrase, for instance, and the sense of mystery and romance—but, in the main, "Jaunty Jock" differs essentially from its predecessors.

The scene of the greater number of the stories is the Western Highlands, but that of the tale which describes the escapes of Jaunty Jock himself is Edinburgh of the old days—the days when there were sedan chairs in the Northern Capital, the watch could be heard with his "Twal o'clock, twal o'clock, an' a perishin' cauld nicht," and Court of Session judges as well as ladies of quality still spoke braid Scots. Mr. Munro effectively recreates the atmosphere of the period, and at the same time shows his merit as a humorist, as he does in several of the stories, notably "The Tudor Cup," which tells how a seemingly unsophisticated Border laird outwitted a London firm of Jewish curio dealers in an attempted swindle. It is a style of story that will come as a surprise to those unacquainted with the author's writings in lighter vein. In another manner is "A Return to Nature"—an account of how a douce middle-aged lawyer became obsessed by a long-forgotten clan-feud of his ancestors, how he armed himself and made a fort from which he held a whole countryside at bay, and how his return to normal was as sudden and complete as his reversion to cateran type. "The Isle of Illusion," "The Brooch," "The Boon Companion," and "The Silver Drum" could have been written by few save Mr. Munro; and quite as admirable is "Young Pennymore," a tragedy in his earlier style both as to subject-matter and treatment. Young Pennymore is to be hanged for a murder he did not commit. His father and mother set out to see him where he lies condemned. They have a breakdown, and the man leaves the woman to get assistance.

"For a moment only she heard his footsteps, the sound of them soon lost in the din of nature—the uproar of the forest trees, whose ponderous branches creaked; the wind, canorous, blowing between the mountains; the booming crepitation of the sea upon the rocks."

A sudden burst of moonlight reveals to the woman that she is under a gibbet on which there hangs a man.

"'My son! My son!' she screamed, till the rocks and trees gave back the echo, and yet the distant lights of the burgh town glowed on with unconcern."

Then follows the story's splendidly-kept and startling surprise.

In "Copenhagen: a Character" humour and pathos are intermingled. He had been twenty years in the Navy, and had seen but a single engagement—the one that gave him his by-name:

"He was elderly, he was as we should think it now—ill-educated: he was without wife or child of his own; he had at times the habit of ran-dan. Heaven plainly meant him for a Highland school and so he opened one—this same so lowly to-day among the nettles. . . .

"Yesterday . . . I passed the ruins of Copenhagen's school. How far, since then, have travelled the feet that trod there. . . . Dear lads, dear girls, wherever you be, my old companions, were we not here in this poor place, among the hazel and the fern, most fortunate and happy? . . . Now it is mist for ever on the hill, and rain-rot in the wood, and clouds and cares chasing each other across our heavens, and flowers that flame from bud to blossom and smoulder into dust almost before we have caught their perfume; then, old friends, we pricked our days out leisurely upon a golden calendar: the scent of the morning hayfields seemed eternal."

D. H.

**Barrack 5. Lined up at the Kitchen waiting for their cabbage soup.**

From "Interned in Germany," by Henry C. Mahoney (Sampson Low).

## THE HAPPIEST OF POETS.*

The first impression of Mr. Davies's ninth and latest volume of poems is the final impression also—delight, expressed in a phrase, How he keeps it up! All the qualities of the best poems in "The Soul's Destroyer," published twelve years ago, are preserved in "Forty New Poems"; but the faults have disappeared, and the unconscious, patient artistry of those twelve years has borne fruit in the surer and more frequent perfectness of the latest lyrics. Singleness of aim has resulted in singleness of effect. The attempts and achievement of other writers have never seduced Mr. Davies from his devotion to the pure lyric of which he is equally servant and master. He does not try to write in the manner of others, but has fashioned a manner so serenely his own that it is hopeless for others to adopt it. Such loyalty and confidence are the moral foundations of imaginative work; they ensure the sincerity of Mr. Davies's poetry and set him among his contemporaries an isolated sharp figure, neither of their time nor of any other. His poetry is *pure*, unembarrassed by theories, ideas or abstractions. His mind is absorbed into his poetry, and does not make war with the sensuous beauty in which the poetry is born.

But although a new reader would see at once that Mr. Davies's poetry is pure poetry, he would not find it impersonal. It is the simplest and most direct natural expression of a man who exists as part of the visible world which he loves. The character of the poet is borne without misadventure into almost every one of these forty poems, and is to be read in all his preferences and passions—in his love of birds and beasts, of the natural pleasures of the senses, of light, of air, of the beauty of women and children, in his love of his fellows—as well as in the intensity of his observation as, one by one (the larger vision not being his), he notes the individual features of all the things he cares for. He is never dramatic, and never introspective; it is out of his own heart that he sings, with his own eyes he sees, and he has never turned those eyes torturingly and tortured upon himself. He loves too well the beauty of the world to care if it be real or only seeming. Or he knows, surely, that beauty so exalted cannot be less real than his own spirit. He writes so directly out of his own mind that the beautiful first stanza of "Birds," reminding you at least of Campion:

"When our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where Lesbia is, for whom the birds sing most"—

* "Forty New Poems." By William H. Davies. 4s. net. (Fifield.)

*Camera portrait by Hugh Cecil.* **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**

gives, as no other has done, its clear record of the way in which war has been met in the English countryside.

The Beatup family of father and mother and five children —Tom, Harry, Zacky, Ivy, and Nell—is the family upon which Miss Kaye-Smith shows the war's action. To them are added Thyrza, who marries Tom; and the Baptist minister, Mr. Sumption, and his wild boy Jerry. Tom is killed, Jerry is shot; the girls have their love-affairs and marriages. Through all their dumb followings of impulse the distant sound of the guns in Flanders tragically runs. It is the war that gives unity to the book, and reality also. In themselves the persons of the tale are such that the reader can only at times perform that delightful act of imaginative identification. They are not intrinsically interesting, and they do not step out from the pages as disturbing realities. They are typical, sympathetically seen and almost always veraciously rendered; but they are not vehemently alive to the reader apart from the incidents and the picture in which they have their literary life. That is because Miss Kaye-Smith has seen them as creatures moulded by life and by the war, as tiny struggling details in a cataclysm. They have been sacrificed, so to speak, for art's sake. Now if they had been as passionately real as they are movingly typical "Little England" might have been a masterpiece. That the book is less than a masterpiece is due to the fact that, in the hackneyed phrase, it has the defects of its qualities. When one has seen the war going on and the casualty lists so constantly increased one has ceased, perhaps, to think of each individual in the battle. Obviously this must have been so, as everyday conversation has testified. Miss Kaye-Smith has felt the war's largeness, and has observed our tendency to think in numbers and uniforms. Her heart has rebelled against the horror of this failure to imagine the individual life; but the inspiration of her book, it seems to me, is intellectual rather than imaginative. It is as though she had resolved to show very quietly and truly the greater truth that every casualty is an immeasurable grief or an equally immeasurable release from apprehensiveness. But she has chosen the intellectual method of showing us a group, of picturing a typical home, and not the purely imaginative method of showing us the passionate hearts of those who have suffered. Her book is measured and restrained; but only within circumscribed limits is it moving. It could hardly be deeply moving when the central character in each of its seven parts is a different actor; for the air of continuity is obtained only by the invocation of the war as an embracing unity. Otherwise, each character is a sketch merely, and is both seen and portrayed objectively.

To say this without qualification would be to misrepresent "Little England," which is a novel that one is bound to respect and to admire. It has passages of beauty and distinction, of real feeling; it is restrained and scrupulous to a degree which makes more casual work appear crude and without form. Nevertheless in the skill and care of its presentation, its chosen scenes and words and pictures, one has sometimes a great longing for something outrageous, some ghastly joke or torment, to break the regularity of its scheme and by its jagged rending of Miss Kaye-Smith's excellences to shatter these typical figures and start them into life uncircumscribed. It is as a war document that "Little England" will take its place among the good novels of the year; for its characters are conventional and do not surprise us. But as a war document it has great virtue, and it is good that we should be made to think that in the war, as in all other times of crisis or of apathy, other classes besides those in which we live have had their actions and reactions, their passing joys and their inevitable sorrows.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIA.*

Turkey's surrender gave urgency to problems affecting the future of large tracts of land that have been wrested from her during the war. Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, of the British Palestine Society, has very definite views concerning Palestine, and therefore his book is opportune. He wishes "to build up a great dominion of Jews in the eastern Mediterranean." That State would comprise not only the Maritime Plain, the Shepheleh, and Judæa, but also "the wealthier and more fertile provinces of the north (Galilee)." Without Galilee, he contends, "the State would inevitably contract to Judæa, fit home for a theocracy, but not for a modern State achieving financial independence and capable of a thriving commercial life." He would like to see the eastern boundary carried as far as possible consistent with the interests of the new Arab State. It would be colonised altogether by Jews, immigration being strictly regulated.

From the outset, Mr. Sidebotham would have Palestine, thus constituted, "in close political dependence on the British Crown, in fact, an integral part of the British Empire." Since the Jews are "at the same stage of political development as ourselves (the British)" they could at once be associated with "the current work of Imperial organisation and defence." Thus the State would be more like a British Dominion than a British possession.

When he comes to discuss tentative details for the governance of Palestine, the author suggests Crown Colony government, to begin with. In other words, he would entrust the government to an "Executive Council presided over by a Governor." Neither the Council nor the Governor would be elected. The officials, "preferably Jews," would not be responsible "to the people of the country but to the sovereign Power." While he does not wish to create a chartered company on the model of the East India Company or the South African Chartered Company, because a "limited company has no political conscience" and also because "to have the financial centre of gravity of Palestine outside the country would be fatal to political peace and progress," he would leave the work of "the economic development of the country" in the hands of a chartered company which "should have one or more representatives on the Executive Council."

Mr. Sidebotham is keen upon the conversion of Palestine into a British Colony (Dominion he would no doubt prefer to call it) because he thinks that would be the

* "England and Palestine." By Herbert Sidebotham. 6s. net. (Constable.)—"Eastern Exploration, Past and Future." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

best way of meeting the menace to Egypt and to India. "Egypt," he says, "is our master interest in the East not so much because Egypt is valuable to this country as because it is the main channel of our communications with our Indian Empire." He contends that to say "Egypt is our master interest in the East . . . is to say that Palestine is our master interest; for Palestine, now as always, is the key to Egypt."

In case Palestine cannot be converted into a British Colony, Mr. Sidebotham would consent to the United States establishing a Protectorate over it. "The Jews and Americans," he says, "get on well together; American politics are wide and tolerant, and by reason of her very remoteness America would have no conceivable interest except to promote a strong, healthy Jewish State in Palestine." At the same time the British interests would be conserved, for "America in Palestine could never be a danger to Egypt or to India."

The French claim for *La Syrie Integrale*—the country from the boundaries of Egypt up to the Taurus—rouses Mr. Sidebotham to a vigorous protest. He contends that if France had Palestine the conflict of interests between Britain and her would become apparent sooner or later. He takes pains to refute every claim to Palestine advanced by the French and their protagonists.

Palestine being the author's chief concern, he refers to Arabia and Mesopotamia only casually. He makes it abundantly clear, however, that he would like to see the new Arab State under the "influence or suzerainty of its creator, England," and the British Empire stretch from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea.

In his zeal for Zionism, Mr. Sidebotham forgets that the Muslims regard Jerusalem as one of their sacred places, and that some even give it precedence over Medina, where their Prophet Mohammed is buried. It also appears to me that he does not seem to have any conception of the Muslim desires regarding the governance of the lands containing their sacred shrines.

Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, in his book, makes an earnest appeal for the conservation of the numerous monuments in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and for systematic excavation by scientific men in those countries. A celebrated archæologist, who has to his credit many valuable discoveries, his outlook is wide, his sympathies broad. He states that "our (the European) view of the greatness of Persia and its splendid civilisation has been unfortunately clouded by our dependence on the accounts of its enemies, Rome and Greece." He says that:

"At the time when the Greek reached the improvement of a ledge in his drinking cup to keep back the grit, the Persian was boiling all the water-supply of the Court in silver cauldrons when on campaign. No modern sanitary service could do better. In art also Persia led the way. No Greek had ever gone beyond the primitive smirk in his sculpture, until the Persian art—sane, noble and complete in its feeling and effect—showed him a higher road. The influence of Persia must have been immensely spread by the vast loot of artistic objects in the camp of Mardonius, which served as models, and by the flood of Persian troops left behind as slaves in Greece. On the narrowest estimate Xerxes brought in 300,000 men; of these, 60,000 left with Xerxes, and Artabazus rescued 40,000 more; but of the other 200,000 there must have been a great number who survived, and became slaves according to the universal rule of Greek warfare. These would be mainly drafted into mechanical arts, which were despised by the free-born, and were limited to the great slave majority of the Athenian population. We see here the reason for the sudden burst of advance which Greece made in the fifty years from the Persian war to the Peloponnesian war, including all the greatest architecture, sculpture, and philosophy. This was to Greece what the sack of Corinth was to Roman development."

Research in Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine would, Professor Petrie thinks, reveal materials to enable the world to readjust its views concerning the influence that the East exerted upon Greece and Rome, and *vice versa*. He raises his voice against neglect, vandalism and amateurish excavation. His suggestion that the little plot on which Jerusalem stands be reserved "as the sanctuary of three faiths—a space for peace and meditation," and modern Jerusalem be built to the south-west or north-west deserves special attention.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

## THREE SORTS OF POETRY.*

Some one was saying the other day that the peasants of Dorset have no place in their lives for Barnes, their poet; and that to write dialect poetry is to throw very heavy bread upon the waters. Well, if the work of Barnes has been less fortunate than that of Burns, it is at any rate most valuable in preserving for us the language and the customs of Dorsetshire. It is no doubt easier for poetry to survive in the library than on the lips of the people; but if the people do not choose to avail themselves of a gift, that is no reason why the world should be deprived. One might argue that a poet would do greater service in making his work acceptable to the whole country; but, apart from all scientific value, there is something fascinating and delightful in the dialect poet—and if, for example, the Lincolnshire farmer eschews those poems of Tennyson, there may well arise in the future a more intelligent race of countrymen. Perhaps Professor Moorman will never hear his verses crooned by the Huddersfield weavers or the fishermen of Hull; but in so far as they are the material for a local reawakening we are all in their favour, and the fact that they are poetically good *ne gate rien*. One thinks of a meeting of Yorkshire worthies as a rather stolid function—yet in Yorkshire (*pace* the other parts of the kingdom) are found the best singing voices—(it is said that every cathedral choir in England possesses at least one former member of the choir of Leeds Parish Church)—and there are various songs in this book which seem to promise a more joyous Yorkshireman, if only he will sing them. If only one of them be taken to their hearts it will produce a local patriotism greater than that aroused even by the exploits of George Hirst, the irrepressible and most resourceful of cricketers. How can one fail to enjoy "The Bells of Kirkby Overblow," which cause the aged sinner to think of his youth:

"When you hear yon church bells ringin',
You can't enjoy your sin;
T' bells clutch at your heart-strings
I' t' ale-house ower your gin.

* "Songs of the Ridings." By F. W. Moorman. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Kiltaran Poetry Book." Prose Translations from the Irish by Lady Gregory. (Dublin: Cuala Press.)—"The New World." By Laurence Binyon. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* Professor F. W. Moorman.

At pitch-an'-toss you're laiking',
Down there i' t' wood below;
An' then you damn them rowpy bells
O' Kirkby Overblow."

We learn, by the way, a good deal of interesting local lore. For instance in a poem on "The Hungry Forties," the lads march down the street "Wi' penny loaves on pikes all steeped i' blood," and apparently the then Duke of Norfolk gave the Food Controller even more fantastic advice than did Marie Antoinette. His panacea was curry-powders, which he recommended the people to sip in lieu of bread. "The Local Preacher" is full of humour, and the song in honour of "Lord George," the bestower of Old Age Pensions, is really delicious.

Another kind of language is that employed in this book by Lady Gregory. She says it is the speech of the thatched houses where she heard and gathered the poems. Here is an extract from Raftery's Lament for O'Daly: "It was Thomas O'Daly that roused up young people and scattered them, and since death played on him, may God give him grace. The country is all sorrowful, always talking, since their man of sport died that would win the goal in all parts with his music. . . . There is sorrow on the men of mirth, a clouding over the day, and no trout swim in the river. . . . And Raftery says this much for O'Daly, because he liked him." There is pathos and humour and beautiful language in these renderings, as one naturally expects from Lady Gregory; and one cherishes the hope that the people do really talk and sing in this fashion and that our translator has done not much more than to select the finest specimens. The welter of politics does not seem to have driven out of their minds the credulous outlook; in a cottage in Achill Island the other day an elderly person assured a friend of ours that he knew exactly what prevented the United States from seizing Canada—it is entirely owing to a great bribe, annually paid by the British Government and amounting to £30,000. "He is clean gold," says another song, "he is Heaven about the sun, he is a silver vessel having wine in it; he is an angel, he is the wisdom of saints . . ." and very likely the author of this rhapsody would have had the same explanation as another compatriot on Achill Island, who said that the hens have to be small in that part of the world, as they would otherwise be unable to get underneath the beds.

There is in Mr. Binyon's new book a very different appeal. He has been called a studious and dignified poet, but he is also full of pleasant fancies and, as in his sonnet on Kitchener, he can rebuke with effect. In this book some of the most notable pieces are devoted to young warriors, dead or surviving:

"Where is the pure blossom
That fell and refused to grow old?
The clustered radiance, perfumed whiteness,
Silent singing of joy in the blue?
—I am thinking of the young men
Whose splendour is under the mould."

And in the poem on "Oxford in War Time":

"It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown."

Now and then we seem to hear an echo, perhaps the penalty that one pays for being a scholarly poet. In "Morn like a thousand shining spears" there is a flavour of Blake. On the other hand in "Dark Wind" there is a highly original image. A great wind is blowing in the night:

"It was like a great ship now, abandoned, her crew dead,
Driving in gulfs of sky; it staggered above and sped;
I lay in the deeps and heard it rushing over my head.

"And the helpless shaking of window and door's desolate rebound
Seemed like tossing and lifting of bodies lost and drowned
In the huge indifferent swell, in the waters' wandering sound."

This in its way is almost as effective as Raftery who speaks of "his nose thin that it would go through a cambric needle; his shoulders hard and sharp that they would cut tobacco; his head dark and bushy like the top of a hill; and there is nothing I can liken his fingers to."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

## BACK TO JOY.*

Those of us who know and love Mr. Lawrence's earlier books, especially "Pilgrimage" and "Much Ado About Something," read his excursion into modern problemism and the realism of the sordid, in "Mrs. Bente," with admiration for the talent displayed and yet with certain misgivings as to whether the author was going to give himself over to the delineation of the drab in literature. Now comes a book, a brave joyous book, which proves our misgivings false. After his excursion into certain unlovely ways of modern life the author has gone back with keener vision, with fuller zest, and in the true spirit of abandonment, to the dateless days of dear delightful romance. The result is a story which should be in brisk demand with all true lovers of that same romance who are anywhere between the ages of eight and eighty.

Some years ago—a year or so after Mr. Maurice Hewlett had published his engaging book, "The Forest Lovers," I lent one of William Morris's later romances to a lady; she soon returned the volume saying that she could not get on with it, "it was too like 'The Forest Lovers.'" That was perhaps a little hard on Morris who was something of a pioneer in the particular kind of romance. His stories, and Mr. Hewlett's famous book always seem to me a kind of tapestry-fiction, in which we see the people and events as parts of a rich ornamental whole, rather than feel them as actual people engaged in actual doings. It might have seemed, with two such masters of romantic narrative, that this tapestry-like effect was all that could be achieved. But now comes Mr. Lawrence to demonstrate in happiest fashion that such is not the case. We care not to what century Sir Michael of Palentyre belongs, we care not on what map the land of Argovie is to be looked for—it and he are as real to us as the Forest of Arden and the company that play their parts in it immortally.

In "Youth Went Riding"—the title itself is an invitation—the author has humanised old romance; his are real people, going through adventures strange and hazardous enough to please the most exacting; yet all seems true to the reader's feelings. Not only are shown brave scenes, not only do we read of heroic deeds, but our sympathies are enlisted by the doers. If at the outset we may think of Sir Michael as a somewhat quixotic youth, we soon find him a genuine, impressionable and lovable young fellow, and give ourselves up whole-heartedly to following him on his damsel-rescuing exploits—Isabelle, Ermyntrude, Myrette, Jehanne, Jeannette, Avrille; the very names of the damsels are as a peal of bells from the fairy land of Romance.

Mr. Lawrence is dowered with that "love of love" which a poet has said is one of the poet's gifts; in this story he shows himself capable not only of humanising knightly romance in a way which makes it a living reality, but he shows himself capable also of lighting his narrative with glowing humour. If "Youth Went Riding" prove not one of the most popular stories of its season—then many readers will be losing much joyous entertainment which is comprised within its covers.

WALTER JERROLD.

## FANTASY, TRAGEDY AND HUMOUR.†

It is too long since we had a new book by Mr. Neil Munro, and his reappearance is a matter on which lovers of fiction set forth in alluring English are to be congratulated. Mr. Munro's last long novel, "The New Road," was hailed by many critics as his best, and there are abundant proofs in

* "Youth Went Riding: A Romance." By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. net. (Collins.)

† "Jaunty Jock." By Neil Munro. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Jaunty Jock," a collection of short stories, that the hand which wrote "The Lost Pibroch" has not lost its cunning. A comparison has been initiated between these two books, but they are not comparable: each has its own well-defined individuality and charm. "The Lost Pibroch" came as something new in letters, and many of the features that brought it immediate success figure in the new work—freshness and vividness of phrase, for instance, and the sense of mystery and romance—but, in the main, "Jaunty Jock" differs essentially from its predecessors.

The scene of the greater number of the stories is the Western Highlands, but that of the tale which describes the escapes of Jaunty Jock himself is Edinburgh of the old days—the days when there were sedan chairs in the Northern Capital, the watch could be heard with his "Twal o'clock, twal o'clock, an' a perishin' cauld nicht," and Court of Session judges as well as ladies of quality still spoke braid Scots. Mr. Munro effectively recreates the atmosphere of the period, and at the same time shows his merit as a humorist, as he does in several of the stories, notably "The Tudor Cup," which tells how a seemingly unsophisticated Border laird outwitted a London firm of Jewish curio dealers in an attempted swindle. It is a style of story that will come as a surprise to those unacquainted with the author's writings in lighter vein. In another manner is "A Return to Nature"—an account of how a douce middle-aged lawyer became obsessed by a long-forgotten clan-feud of his ancestors, how he armed himself and made a fort from which he held a whole countryside at bay, and how his return to normal was as sudden and complete as his reversion to cateran type. "The Isle of Illusion," "The Brooch," "The Boon Companion," and "The Silver Drum" could have been written by few save Mr. Munro; and quite as admirable is "Young Pennymore," a tragedy in his earlier style both as to subject-matter and treatment. Young Pennymore is to be hanged for a murder he did not commit. His father and mother set out to see him where he lies condemned. They have a breakdown, and the man leaves the woman to get assistance.

"For a moment only she heard his footsteps, the sound of them soon lost in the din of nature—the uproar of the forest trees, whose ponderous branches creaked; the wind, canorous, blowing between the mountains; the booming crepitation of the sea upon the rocks."

A sudden burst of moonlight reveals to the woman that she is under a gibbet on which there hangs a man.

"'My son! My son!' she screamed, till the rocks and trees gave back the echo, and yet the distant lights of the burgh town glowed on with unconcern."

Then follows the story's splendidly-kept and startling surprise.

In "Copenhagen: a Character" humour and pathos are intermingled. He had been twenty years in the Navy, and had seen but a single engagement—the one that gave him his by-name:

"He was elderly, he was as we should think it now—ill-educated: he was without wife or child of his own; he had at times the habit of ran-dan. Heaven plainly meant him for a Highland school and so he opened one—this same so lowly to-day among the nettles. . . .

"Yesterday . . . I passed the ruins of Copenhagen's school. How far, since then, have travelled the feet that trod there. . . . Dear lads, dear girls, wherever you be, my old companions, were we not here in this poor place, among the hazel and the fern, most fortunate and happy? . . . Now it is mist for ever on the hill, and rain-rot in the wood, and clouds and cares chasing each other across our heavens, and flowers that flame from bud to blossom and smoulder into dust almost before we have caught their perfume; then, old friends, we pricked our days out leisurely upon a golden calendar: the scent of the morning hayfields seemed eternal."

D. H.

**Barrack 5. Lined up at the Kitchen waiting for their cabbage soup.**

From "Interned in Germany," by Henry C. Mahoney (Sampson Low).

## THE HAPPIEST OF POETS.*

The first impression of Mr. Davies's ninth and latest volume of poems is the final impression also—delight, expressed in a phrase, How he keeps it up! All the qualities of the best poems in "The Soul's Destroyer," published twelve years ago, are preserved in "Forty New Poems"; but the faults have disappeared, and the unconscious, patient artistry of those twelve years has borne fruit in the surer and more frequent perfectness of the latest lyrics. Singleness of aim has resulted in singleness of effect. The attempts and achievement of other writers have never seduced Mr. Davies from his devotion to the pure lyric of which he is equally servant and master. He does not try to write in the manner of others, but has fashioned a manner so serenely his own that it is hopeless for others to adopt it. Such loyalty and confidence are the moral foundations of imaginative work; they ensure the sincerity of Mr. Davies's poetry and set him among his contemporaries an isolated sharp figure, neither of their time nor of any other. His poetry is *pure*, unembarrassed by theories, ideas or abstractions. His mind is absorbed into his poetry, and does not make war with the sensuous beauty in which the poetry is born.

But although a new reader would see at once that Mr. Davies's poetry is pure poetry, he would not find it impersonal. It is the simplest and most direct natural expression of a man who exists as part of the visible world which he loves. The character of the poet is borne without misadventure into almost every one of these forty poems, and is to be read in all his preferences and passions—in his love of birds and beasts, of the natural pleasures of the senses, of light, of air, of the beauty of women and children, in his love of his fellows—as well as in the intensity of his observation as, one by one (the larger vision not being his), he notes the individual features of all the things he cares for. He is never dramatic, and never introspective; it is out of his own heart that he sings, with his own eyes he sees, and he has never turned those eyes torturingly and tortured upon himself. He loves too well the beauty of the world to care if it be real or only seeming. Or he knows, surely, that beauty so exalted cannot be less real than his own spirit. He writes so directly out of his own mind that the beautiful first stanza of "Birds," reminding you at least of Campion:

"When our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where Leebia is, for whom the birds sing most"—

* "Forty New Poems." By William H. Davies. 4s. net. (Fifield.)

is followed by others in which Lesbia is all forgotten, and the freshest of Clare-like tones is heard:

"Oft have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat;
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet."

Yet the first stanza is as naturally his own as the second, and in "Lovely Dames" he repeats that note yet more exquisitely:

"Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms;
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light. . . .
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live."

Art here seems not simply to conceal itself, but to be unconscious of itself, so perfectly fused is idea with music. There is scarcely a page that does not show this complete fusion; as when Mr. Davies speaks of the deep silence:

"That makes all music hollow—though the lark
Raves in his windy heights above a cloud"—

and on the next page tells how

"That slanted rain, so light and fine,
Had almost settled in my mind
That I at last could see the wind"—

on another, of the bird that

". . . Hops in between
The leaves he dreams of, long and green,
And sings for nipple-buds that show
Where the full-breasted leaves must grow"—

and in yet another of

"The wild fast-driven clouds this night
Hurled at the moon, whose smiling face
Still shines with undiminished light."

Quotation alone can show the continuing freshness of Mr. Davies's lyric gift. He has the spontaneity and natural music of a bird, and a bird's joy in his world, and that delight in perfection which only pure artists can experience: He is what William Morris has been less truly called—the happiest of the poets.

JOHN FREEMAN.

## A STATESMAN SPEAKS.*

There can be no estimate of the debt that modern Europe owes to Lord Bryce for the action and counsel he has devoted to the causes of the free peoples. For many years he has been a leading champion of oppressed nationalities, and has had and expressed a clear view of the human suffering consequent on the subjection of Christian races to Brother Turk. Over a long span of time he has used the influence of his vote and voice to realise the principles of true democracy; and, as one of the most acceptable ambassadors sent from this country to America, he has been able to wield the authority of a trusted counsellor on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not possible to compute the moral value of his advocacy of the Allied cause during the years when the issue of the "war of principles" seemed uncertain. That James Bryce, the democrat and historian, the student and statesman, should think our cause righteous was an asset in America. And now he has rounded his offering of service by publishing a volume of eight essays that justifies Britain's action in the war, and makes suggestions, through the realisation of the League of Nations, to mend the havoc this poor world has suffered through Prussian brutality and greedy aggression.

Now that the war is done, the Brute is broken, and we are confronted with problems domestic, national and international, it is the last two articles in this book to which readers will first turn, for the earlier chapters, commenting on the attitude of neutral nations, on the psychology and methods of the War State, on the effects of War on Human Progress, are rather of concern for a leisure we cannot at present indulge. While the anguish was upon us we might humour nepenthe with such considerations; and, indeed, it was urgently necessary that not only neutrals but ourselves should realise the justice of the cause which, as Lord Bryce reminds us, was to vindicate the principles of morality and humanity that were at stake. But the battle is ended, its smoke and wrath are drifting away, though never can its red wrongs be forgotten; and we need promptly to turn to the new chapter of world-history that is to be constructive.

The League of Nations is still only an idea, and though ideas are of the things that cannot perish, it requires a deal of courage, patience, decision and discussion to bring the League of Nations within the bounds of practical politics; for Germany slew more than men when to suit her immediate purpose she destroyed the scrap of paper and ignored international law. She cut away the very foundations of future dealings, of mutual trust, among the nations of mankind. How can such distrust be mended? Only by sincere discussion and an earnest joint attempt at practice. Lord Bryce presents a tentative scheme. The Americans, under the auspices of Mr. Taft, have prepared another. So in both branches of the English-speaking union the feelers are out—but how small is the beginning, how vast the object, how uncertain the aim! Yet it is the reverse of serviceable to stand on the threshold and cry it cannot be done. It must be done; something of the kind must be done if this planet is to improve its fevered existence and become at last a decent place. Lord Bryce's book is a right offering, helping towards the desiderated fulfilment. We hope its cautious yet enthusiastic counsel will be well studied and inwardly digested, especially by those possessing the ears of the hustings or the voices of the newspapers, who seem, however, rapidly to be getting back to the old marchings and counter-marchings and mouth-marchings of political partisans.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Essays and Addresses in War Time." By James Bryce (Viscount Bryce). 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

## Novel Notes.

**THE WAR AND ELIZABETH.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Collins.)

Not by any means one of Mrs. Ward's happiest efforts—how could it be, since it was written at a time when we were all most anxious about the war? People in years to come will turn to this distressful novel for a picture of things as they were before it was sun clear that we were victors. The hero of the book, a Conservative squire, who fiercely objects to allowing his park to be ploughed up for food production, is the most unconvincing person in it. We all knew selfish folk who refused to do their bit when things were darkest, but Mrs. Ward draws her Mannering in such black colours—makes him so utterly callous and indifferent, that we do not feel the smallest enthusiasm at the idea that the plucky, cool and efficient heroine will eventually become his wife. Excellent Elizabeth, who deftly with a fork removed the piece of bread placed by the side of her neighbour at a war dinner, is not in the least exaggerated. The episode of the young officer who takes so long in dying is very painful, and so possible that we wonder how Mrs. Ward steeled herself to write it.

**L. 2002.** By Edgar Jepson. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Edgar Jepson has the happy knack of putting us on good terms with the people in his book from the moment we meet them. The hero of this engrossing story, "L. 2002," is a delightful young man, full of the joy of life, full of ideas, and full of courage to carry out these ideas. He is a most likeable young man, and we feel for him a sympathy and interest which makes us follow his highly exciting career with eagerness and not a little anxiety. Michael Blackshaw (for that is his name) is swindled out of his inheritance by a greedy old uncle. Finding that he is no good as a clerk, Michael becomes a taxi-driver in order to support himself and his sister Betty. L. 2002 is the number of his cab. The adventures he has in connection with his fares—which include "crooks" and spies,

and murderers, make thrilling reading. Mr. Jepson introduces us to a miscellaneous crowd of people, including a charming lady detective, and some one with a lost memory. Each character is well drawn, and the love interest of the story is touched in in a delightfully quaint manner. Michael's "revenge" on the greedy uncle is most original and laughable. For wholesome, entertaining reading it is a book to be highly recommended.

**THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS.** By Marjory Royce. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Marjory Royce shows a subtle understanding of character, portraying with much skill the contrasting natures of the twin sisters Edith and Phillipa in her new book, "The Girl With No Proposals." For the first twenty-six years of their lives the sisters have lived happily and contentedly at home in a quiet country rectory. The rector and his wife, whom to look at "was to think of tea-cosies," lead a comfortable and happy existence with their daughters always about them, and none of them worry at all about the future. Into this placid domestic circle a bomb is dropped; a bomb in the shape of a wealthy and eccentric elderly lady—a cousin of the rector's—who comes to visit them, and then proposes to "adopt" Edith as her heir. She shocks the rectory family by her outspoken remarks on marriage. "But what have you girls been doing?" she asks. "Are you engaged to be married?" And when she learns they are not, "What have you been doing with them, Martha?" she asks of the girls' mother. "Haven't you made opportunities for them? . . . I call it gross neglect on the part of parents not to have negotiated marriage for their daughters before they are twenty-six. The poor dears have probably met nobody." This cousin, who thinks she is a born match-maker, having induced Edith to go home with her for a month's visit, proceeds to "match-make" clumsily, with the result that she nearly spoils all her own plans and Edith's future happiness. Almost—but not quite. The story of how the "girl with no proposals" eventually finds true happiness is skilfully told, the reader's sympathy and interest being securely held to the end of the book.

**MOCKERY: A TALE OF DECEPTIONS.** By Alexander Macfarlan. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

The strange story that Mr. Macfarlan has to tell is on the whole better in its beginning than in its close. It opens indeed excellently with a vivid description of a village meeting of four peripatetic agents of a "No Popery" league, who with a travelling van go up and down the country places impressing upon all and sundry the enormities associated with Popery. A young man rejoicing in the nickname of "Deadly Earnest" Grant is the chief one of the four, and his faith in the matter given him by the league which employs him is such that he repeats it unquestioningly, and thus gets himself into such trouble that emigration seems the best way out of it. Himself the fruit of one piece of deception, he practises another to win a woman for her wealth, while she (believing him to be wealthy) seems likely to be a ready victim. Meanwhile she has found herself in love with another—and so has he. Wrecking on a lonely island, and the murder of a man who has sought to bring about the union of these two are necessary to bring about in effective fashion their dis-union. It is, indeed, a veritable orgy of deceptions that are practised, from the birth of Grant. If it is the author's first novel it should be followed by better work, for excellent narrative ability is shown in the realistic rendering of the early part of the story—but the conclusion becomes almost fantastic in its unreality.

**LOVE AND A COTTAGE.** By Keble Howard. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

To regard the world and his wife as honeymooners, past, present and prospective, is an agreeable foible shared alike by railway porters, popular novelists, and the salesmen in the Tottenham Court Road. And the novelist who can write entertainingly about a honeymoon is sure of an audience composed of all three classes. Certainly everybody who has had a honeymoon or hopes to have one will find much to smile over in this new edition of Mr. Keble Howard's "Love and a Cottage." In these days of special licences and breathless war-weddings, it is good to recall the laughable, leisurely honeymoon adventures of the young couple who, searching about for "a sweet little cottage four miles from anywhere," eventually succumbed to an advertisement, and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Stream, Nancy the donkey, Joey and Augustus, and a host of other entertaining characters. The charm of the book, of course, lies in the fact that the two young people are very ordinary young people, who laugh and love and quarrel, and make it up again in just the ordinary way. And whether you laugh with them, or at them, or with a touch of both, will depend on your age and the state of your heart. The book contains eighty characteristic illustrations by Mr. John Hassall.

**THE ADORABLE LAD.** By Keble Howard. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

In these light, humorous stories of love, in various settings and situations, we have Mr. Keble Howard at his best. He whets our appetite for his dainty fare by introducing us to Cupid, Venus and Puck on the eve of their departure into the world on three distinct missions: Cupid to engineer the love affairs of "all the very young people"; Miss Venus to stir up the married people—"Make 'em jealous! Tease 'em! Rouse 'em!"—and Puck to "catch people in the most extraordinary places and play them up to the limit of their endurance." The first and longest story in the book concerns a very business-like confidential secretary and her very business-like employer who does his best to undermine her self-confidence and prove she is not worth the unusually large salary she demands. The tests he prepares for her and her remarkable perception and ingenuity in meeting them form the substance of the tale—as lively and laughable a tale as you could wish for. In the end Cupid pierces the tough hide of business with one of his sterilised darts and carries all before him. The other stories are in every way as entertaining. Just the book to take with you on a railway journey, or to sit over the fire with during a long winter evening.

**MOON OF ISRAEL.** By H. Rider Haggard. 7s. (John Murray.)

Reading "Moon of Israel" suggests the Scotsman's famous remark, that while some whisky is not so good as others, there is no bad whisky. Sir H. Rider Haggard is always a master-writer in his own line, but this book is not up to his high-water mark. The archæological knowledge is there, the careful construction, the excellent characterisation, the hand of the practised novelist—but the magic touch is wanting. As a rushlight to the sun, so is this tale to "The World's Desire," which deals with the same period of Egyptian history. There is a glory in the earlier book—a suggestion of magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas, which is absent from the later one. It seems to be the work of a weary man, and it may be that the war has induced its lack of vitality. Moreover it is a twice-told tale, and Sir H. Rider Haggard has repeated Moses in a somewhat tame manner. Some things cannot be reduplicated—the Exodus is one. Apart from this deprecatory criticism, the story is excellent, as it would be, written by so famous an author. Prince Seti is uncommonly attractive, and Ana the scribe reveals himself, in telling his tale, as a very interesting and capable person. Merapi is rather an ordinary heroine; scarcely marked enough in vice or virtue to figure as such. She is, as one might put it, too balanced, like Tennyson's Maud, too faultily faultless, and a trifling exaggeration of some feature would have improved her. Userti is better, as her character is more decided, more daring and dramatic. The two Jews, Laban and Jabez, are so good that it is a pity we do not see more of them. But the two best actors in the drama are Kherheb Ki and Rakenkhonsu. Here the author is himself again, and recalls the creator of She and Allan Quatermain. The descriptions of scenery are all capital, and there are some stirring dramatic scenes, which

stand out boldly from the over-smoothness of the tale. The Ambush, the Smiting of Amon, the Night of Fear, the Dream of Merapi are all that could be wished in the way of colour and movement. Therefore, on occasions, we get sparks of the old tumultuous fire, and warm ourselves with delight as of yore. But "Moon of Israel" is disappointing—at least it is to be feared Sir H. Rider Haggard's many admirers will find it to be so. Will he not give us a story of ancient Greece, dealing with the Olympic Games, the Eleusinian Mysteries, the great dramatists, the beauty and grace of Athens, and the wizardry of Thrace? There are very few modern novels concerned with Ancient Greece, and there is no writer more able than the author of "She," to illustrate such a theme. We have had the return of She; let us have the return of Haggard with his glow and fire and colour and imaginative splendour, his deeds of valour and ringing descriptions of glorious impossibilities. We want the old warmth. "Moon of Israel" leaves the reader cold.

**A LITTLE WELSH GIRL.** By Howel Evans. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dylis Morgan, the little Welsh heroine of Mr. Howel Evans's new novel, simple, pretty and perfectly innocent of the big world that lies beyond her native mountains, is suddenly brought face to face with the terrible belief that she has murdered a man. Afraid of meeting even her lover, she runs away and wanders over the country disguised, the companion of an old fiddler, and finally finds herself in London winning success by her wonderful singing. It is a fresh, natural story, the characters well drawn, and the contrast between the placid existence in a Welsh village and the stir and bustle of theatrical life in town being cleverly depicted. All who have read the author's previous novel, "A Girl Alone," will make sure of reading this one, and will follow with interest the adventures of a charming, lovable girl who weathers the storm of experience and returns safely at last to the harbour of her heart's love.

**THE ORCHARD OF TEARS.** By Sax Rohmer. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Rohmer has been very generous to the hero of his new romance. Paul Mario is a young man with dynamic emotions, a head like Julius Cæsar's, and a mouth like Dante's; and by the age of twenty-six he "had swept across the literary terrain, storming line after line." Between him and his wife, Yvonne, there was, however, imperfect sympathy, and while the philosophic Paul found satisfaction in a platonic friendship with the wood-nymph, Flamby Duveen, his wife fell easily into the toils of the vulgar painter, Orlando James. The literary success of Paul became astounding. His mystical books were applauded as a new evangel, and the world recognised in him its master-spirit. But his two dearest friends, Flamby and Don Courtier, had an uneasy sense of there being something amiss in the new philosophy, and half hinted that Paul was becoming merely the mouthpiece of his Mephistophelian friend, Jules Thessaly. In the long run Jules was vanquished by the power of love and friendship, but the mysterious force of which he was the embodiment exacted from Paul and his friend the last penalty of all. This is an interesting, if somewhat hectic romance, and no one will deny its originality. It is a spiritual mystery by the author of "The Yellow Claw."

**THOMAS SETTLES DOWN.** By H. B. Creswell. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)

In this the second of the entertaining "Thomas" books, Thomas chatters merrily away on marriage, wedding presents, children, lawyers, architects, poets and merry widows. After nine years of it, Thomas is of opinion that marriage is a heavy let-down. "For instance: if anyone had told me, even at the church door, that by marrying I was contracting to carry, in each year, half a ton of parcels sixty miles, I should have said, 'The marriage is off.' . . . It is not merely the fetching and carrying,

*Photo by G. C. Beresford.* **Mr. H. B. Creswell.**

however; it's the *remembering* to fetch and carry—or rather the remembering *not to forget* to fetch and carry! . . . Marriage throws a strange complexion on endearments. If, for instance, you hear a woman regularly calling her husband 'Podge,' while he addresses her as 'Hag,' you may be sure that they are as thick as thieves, and that it is all right. A man scrupulously calls his wife 'dear' when he is finding her a bit tedious; 'dearest' when he feels weary of her; 'darling' when he can scarcely endure her; and 'sweetest pet' when he is tempted to do her a violence." Thomas is at his best in describing his quest for the ideal house and his interview with the pseudo-Neo-Grec architect. His more serious adventures (if indeed that adjective can be applied to any of Thomas's actions) include a flirtation with the merry widow and a truculent appearance in the local police court on a charge of assault and battery. Altogether, "Thomas Settles Down" is a lively volume revealing life from an amusing angle.

## The Bookman's Table.

**LES RUBÁIYÁT D' OMAR KHÉYYÁM.** Traduits en quatrains français d'apres la version anglaise d'Edward Fitzgerald par Odette St. Lys. (Skeffington.)

A translation of a translation gives one an uneasy feeling that one must be getting rather a long way from the original author; and when the middleman is Edward Fitzgerald that feeling is well grounded. For, as every one knows, there is at least as much of the translator as of the tent-maker in the famous quatrains. However, if Mme. St. Lys's readers are not getting a faithful rendering of the Persian, they are at any rate getting a version of a great English poem, and a version on the whole faithful and adequate. Mme. St. Lys has managed to keep pretty close to her original, or pseudo-original. For instance:

"Moi-même en ma jeunesse ai fréquenté
Docteurs et saints, qui j'ouis discuter
Mais, néanmoins, je resortais toujours
Par la même porte, où j'étais entré.

Again:

"Remplir m'amour, la coupe qui d'ennuis
Et de regrets nous fait grâce aujourd'hui;
*Demain?* Possible qui je sois alors
Avec les 'sept mille ans' des hiers enfuis."

This French Omar (which has the English opposite the French) is a pretty little book, which would go into a man's waistcoat pocket or a lady's handbag.

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Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position; to increase efficiency, to economise time and work; to develop more ability; to broaden experience and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit; the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 *per cent.*, 200 *per cent.*, *and even* 300 *per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.*

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to every one to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

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There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by *results*. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression.* There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

### Worth a Hundred Times the Price.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

### "Results are Wonderful."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly *no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is.* What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through *two lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superflous.

The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

### Consider these Points.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes, and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, *and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."*

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*Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee may be obtained, gratis and post free, by any reader of* THE BOOKMAN *who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*